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by Richard Lowry

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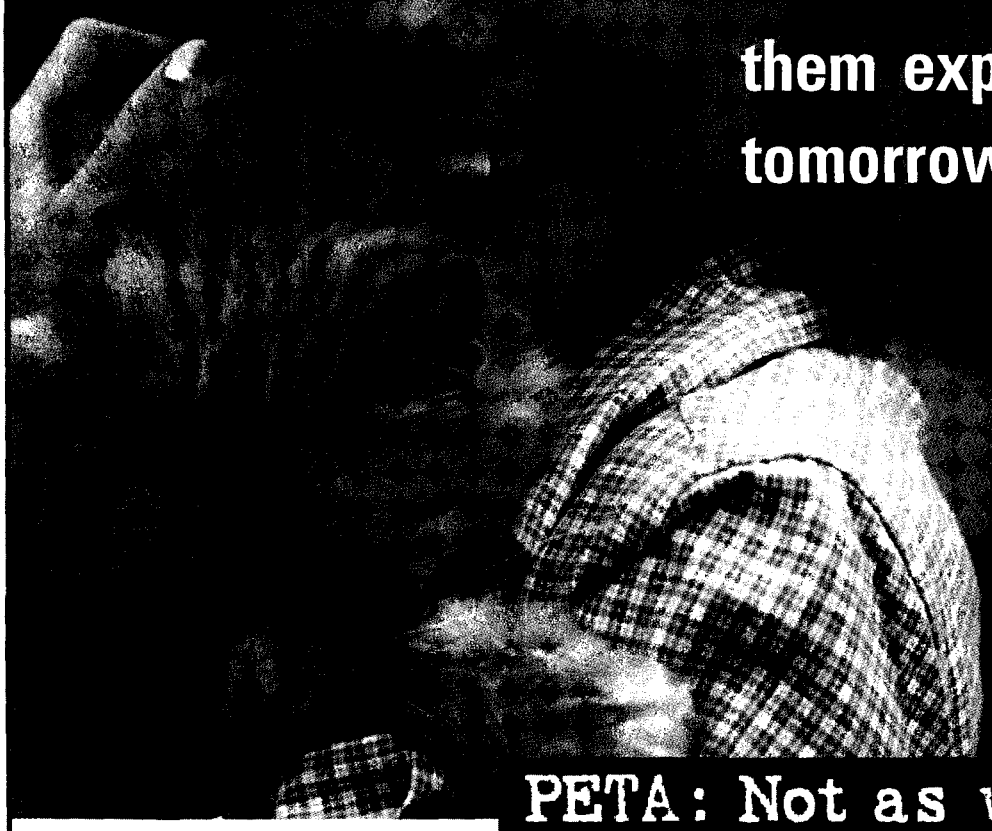
— Bruce Friedrich,
PETA Spokesperson
July 3, 2001



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■ LETTERS ■

IN DEFENSE OF TREATIES

Richard Lowry ("Delay or Die?," Dec. 3) underestimates the positive impact of international nonproliferation agreements and derides the "fantasy of nonproliferation." While it is true that Iraq, North Korea, and other states have violated their obligations, formal treaties such as the Non-Proliferation Treaty and Chemical Weapons Convention and informal arrangements such as the Missile Technology Control Regime and the Nuclear Suppliers Group have had a major positive impact on the weapons policies of potential states of concern, such as Egypt, Algeria, and South Africa, which have cancelled their nuclear programs to comply with international treaties. In addition, export controls and international safeguards have delayed nuclear weapons and missile programs in Iraq, Iran, North Korea, India, and Pakistan.

One-hundred-percent effectiveness is an unreal standard for any system, but international nonproliferation regimes create major obstacles to the development of weapons of mass destruction and thereby enhance U.S. national security.

Fred Wehling
Monterey Institute of International Studies
Monterey, Calif.

DEALING WITH THE MEDIA

In his review of William McGowan's fine book, *Coloring the News* (Dec. 31), John Corry claims that the media coverage of California's Proposition 227 was grossly unfair, and that the *L.A. Times* and other publications portrayed our 1998 measure to dismantle bilingual education as a nativist plot attacking Latino culture. Fortunately, this was not the case.

The *Times* and most of California's other media outlets were quite fair in their coverage, and correctly portrayed the disastrous failure of bilingual programs and their unpopularity among Latinos.

Managing to obtain such coverage in the liberal media required considerable strategy, effort, and hard work on our part, but it did pay major dividends: We won by a landslide, despite being outspent some 25 to 1, and federal legal challenges to our initiative were rapidly overcome.

I would suggest that conservatives take this lesson to heart. Liberal media bias should be regarded more as an obstacle to be actively overcome than an insurmountable barrier to be passively denounced.

Ron Unz
Chairman, English for the Children
Palo Alto, Calif.

TOO KIND

You were far too kind to Anthony Lewis (The Week, Dec. 31). "Clever and demagogic" would have been far more accurate than "foolish and nasty." Conservatives have allowed opponents like Lewis free rein to demagogue them, and Lewis seldom missed an opportunity.

Seymour Kleiman
Silver Spring, Md.

TOO MEAN

Your mean-spirited obituary (The Week, Dec. 31) of George Harrison was below the belt. While you may dismiss it as "innocent pleasure," I cannot think of another popular entertainer whose art so revolved around an attempt to express a sincere devotion to God. And if you could see past your bigotry you would find much similarity between Vedanta and some of the great mystics and saints.

Robert Godwin
Calabasas, Calif.

TOO . . . WHATEVER

Fire the Generation Xer who did the Dec. 31 cover. It is especially insulting to Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. When did words like "stud" become acceptable to NR?

Jean Moretti
Aurora, Calif.

EDITORS' NOTE: *Actually, we were reaching back for an "old" image on our cover—the Betty Grable pose (Miss Grable, of course, being the great pin-up of World War II).*

Roman Genn's cover and Jay Nordlinger's article on Rumsfeld were delightful, but you were remiss to omit the vital statistics that a discriminating fan would want to know: DOB, height, weight, marital status, address, phone, e-mail.

Suzanne K. Peyser
Bethesda, Md.

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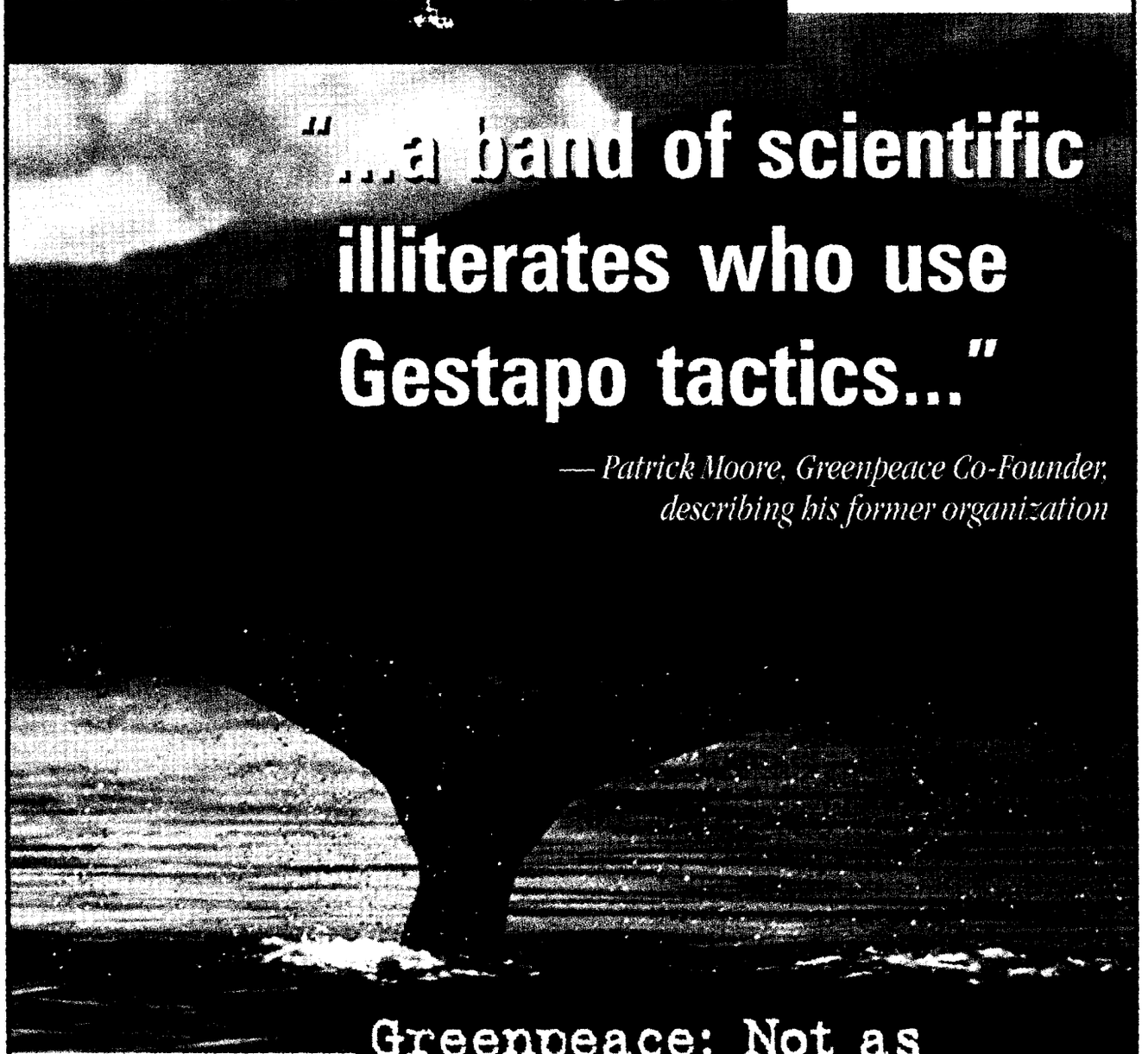
Greenpeace



"...a band of scientific illiterates who use Gestapo tactics..."

— Patrick Moore, Greenpeace Co-Founder, describing his former organization

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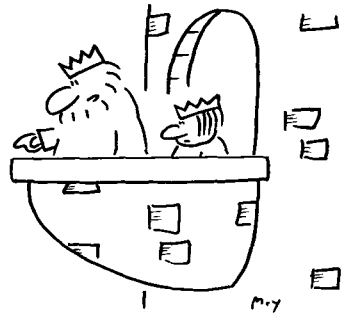
■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ In CNN/*USA Today*/Gallup poll, 39 percent name President **Bush** as "most admired man." Second-place finisher is secretary of state **Colin Powell**, with 5 percent. . . . Bush on **Osama bin Laden**: "We're going to get him and it's just a matter of when." . . . More Bush: "He is not escaping us. I mean, this is a guy who three months ago was in control of a country. Now he's maybe in control of a cave." . . . Democrat pollster **Celinda Lake** tells *Washington Post* this is first war American women support as much as men do. . . . **Donald Rumsfeld** on Afghanistan's new government: "They want the Taliban caught. They agree with us. They want the al-Qaeda the dickens out of their country." . . . Senate majority leader **Tom Daschle** blames Bush tax cuts for "the most dramatic fiscal deterioration in our nation's history." . . . Bush, in California: "There's going to be people who say we can't have the tax cut go through anymore. That's a tax raise. And I challenge their economics when they say raising taxes will help the country recover. Not over my dead body will they raise your taxes."

■ **Rudy Giuliani**, in farewell address as New York City mayor, at St. Paul's Chapel: "That city that used to be the rotting apple, that 60, 70, 80 percent of the people wanted to leave and nobody wanted to come to—that city is now very strong, and it's a confident city. It's a city that has withstood the worst attack of any city in America or in the history of America, and people are standing up tall, as strong and as straight as this church." . . . Official casualty estimate for September 11: 3,161 presumed dead or missing, including 2,937 at World Trade Center, 184 at Pentagon, and 40 at Pennsylvania crash site. . . . National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial Fund says 2001 was deadliest year for police officers since 1974, with 231 killed in line of duty, including 71 on September 11. . . . Cleanup of 16-acre disaster area in lower Manhattan expected complete by June. . . . Former energy secretary **Bill Richardson** on **Clinton**, in *New York Times*: "It's important that the president's legacy not be squandered because his own people remain silent and scattered." . . . ACLU letter sent to consulates of 10 countries, including Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen: "We are particularly interested in highlighting instances of abuse by our government and in developing systematic litigation to challenge its unconstitutional practices." . . . FBI extends terrorist alert through March 11, due to "the continuing high level of generalized threat information."

■ *Time*/CNN poll: 73 percent support sending U.S. ground troops to Iraq for removing Saddam Hussein from power. . . . "Some weeks ago the common wisdom was that going after **Saddam** would undermine our position in the Muslim world," says **Richard Perle** of American Enterprise Institute, in *New York Times*. "Almost nobody argues



"That's the rabble down there, son—you have to be careful not to rouse them."

that anymore, because similar things were said of the consequences of going after the Taliban." . . . U.S. suspends payments to London-based opposition group Iraqi National Congress, because organization can't account for tens of millions given in aid. . . . University of North Carolina board of governors chairman **Ben Ruffin**: "I love America. I detest what happened in New York and Washington. But if you've been up on the wall with black folks, you've already seen terrorism."

■ Federal prosecutors drop financial investigation of Sen. **Robert Torricelli** (D., N.J.), bolstering his re-election hopes. . . . Massachusetts acting governor **Jane Swift** (R.) announces former mayor and legislator **Patrick C. Guerriero**, who is openly gay, as running mate. . . . Possible Democratic foe is former labor secretary **Robert Reich**. . . . As **Scott Armey** announces he will run for seat of retiring father, majority leader **Dick Armey** says, "The day will come when you will know that when Dick Armey left, and Scott Armey got elected, you traded up." . . . Albuquerque judge rejects plan to create Hispanic-majority congressional district in New Mexico. . . . In Pennsylvania redistricting plan, Republicans will gain two seats and Democrats will lose four, according to *Washington Times*. . . . NR accepting applications for a summer internship. Interested college students should send résumés to Internship, NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10016.

■ California demands return of license plate reading "1REDSKN" from **Dale Atkeson**, former fullback for Washington Redskins, because it is "derogatory." . . . Dolly the sheep, world's first cloned mammal, develops arthritis in early middle age. "We have no way of knowing whether this is due to cloning or not," says scientist **Ian Wilmut** of Scotland's Roslin Institute. "But we are advocating that people monitor the health of clones for the full life span." . . . Movie industry posts most successful year ever, with box-office receipts totaling $8.35 billion.

■ In South Africa, **Nelson Mandela** backs away from earlier statement of "unqualified support" for U.S. war against terrorism and now says he opposes "labeling of Osama bin Laden as the terrorist responsible for those acts before he has been tried and convicted" because it "could also be seen as undermining some of the basic tenets of the rule of law." . . . Only 31 percent of Britons would vote to eliminate pound currency in referendum, according to *News of the World* poll. . . . Victoria's Secret opens lingerie store in Tehran.

■ Bush in Austin, as gubernatorial portrait is unveiled: "I want to thank you for taking time out of your day to come and witness my hanging." **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ The CNN promotions department got in deep trouble for advertising newswoman Paula Zahn as "sexy." Well, she is. And hey, CNN: What about Bob Novak?

■ Buddy, by acclamation the most honorable and decent of the Clinton gang, died tragically on January 2, 2002. R.I.P.

■ Howard Fineman reports in *Newsweek* that some Democrats will try to link America's Christian Right to the Taliban during the fall campaigns. It's a curious strategy. Midterm elections generally go badly for the party in the White House: Its voters are complacent while the opposition is upset. A direct attack on the Republican party's core voters, however, should boost their turnout nicely. The Christian Right arose in the first place, after all, because its members thought that ruling elites were hostile to them and their values. Another obstacle for the Democrats is that the de facto leader of the "American Taliban" has an approval rating in the high 80s. He's the born-again Christian George W. Bush. Then there is the potential for the Democrats' campaign to strike people who are neither Christian conservatives nor even Republicans as unfair, bigoted, and extreme. The contemplated Democratic strategy is both outrageous and stupid. For liberal strategists convinced of the wickedness of Christian conservatives, it may nonetheless prove irresistible. Republican partisans should, er, pray that it is.

■ Bill Clinton always regretted that he was not a war president, which he believes would have allowed him to join the ranks of America's great leaders. But give him this: He was a great war-*room* president. Recently, as it became obvious that Clinton ignored the growing threat of terrorism during his time in office, the former president reassembled his old damage-control team to wage PR war on his behalf. And *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen submitted that even if Clinton was weak on terrorism, it was the *Republicans'* fault. Cohen argued that the Right's "attack" on Clinton during the Lewinsky scandal so distracted the president that he just couldn't deal with terrorism. It's a foolish argument—Clinton was just as squishy on terrorism after attacks in 1993, 1996, and 2000, when he was not embroiled in sex-and-perjury scandals—but it is apparently the best Clinton's defenders can muster.

■ In an excess of delicacy, the Bush administration allowed Clinton holdover Mary Jo White to remain as U.S. attorney for the southern district of New York so that she could complete her investigation of funny "gifts" to Sen. Robert Torricelli, the New Jersey Democrat. Never mind that White had inexplicably dropped cases against corrupt union officials in her drawn-out Teamsters investigation. White finally resigned on the day after she announced that no charges would be brought against Torricelli. Now the case rests with the Senate Ethics Committee, which has much to ponder. According to the *New York Times*, New Jersey businessman David Chang, who admitted to making $53,700 in illegal contributions to Torricelli's 1996 campaign, also claimed that he gave "gifts" of cash and clothes that were never disclosed by the senator, as required by law. In addition, South Korea's former finance minister contradicts Torricelli's claim that he didn't intercede with officials in Seoul on behalf of a Chang business venture. Attorney general John Ashcroft recused himself from the case because Torricelli headed the Democrats' election committee when Ashcroft sought re-election in Missouri. Will Democratic senator Harry Reid, who contributed to Torricelli's defense fund but chairs the Ethics Committee, follow his example? And will senators who endlessly proclaim the need to reform campaign-finance laws show enthusiasm for enforcing current prohibitions?

■ The federal takeover of airport security was supposed to raise standards. But the government quickly realized that imposing even the minimal standard of a high-school diploma would entail the replacement of a quarter of screeners. So it's not doing it. The promise was that airport security would be done by motivated professionals instead of low-paid, ill-qualified private-sector workers. But the people aren't going to change. Oh well: Now that they're federal employees, at least they won't be low-paid.

■ The Bush administration recently proposed splitting the Immigration and Naturalization Service into two separate agencies, the Bureau of Immigration Enforcement and the Bureau of Immigration Services. The idea makes sense. But as John Fonte of the Hudson Institute has pointed out, the 40-page document describing the plan talks far more about "services" for its immigrant "customers" than it does about citizenship. Naturalization should be an exercise in patriotic assimilation, not just a trip to the DMV. So the "service" agency should be renamed, for starters. How about a Bureau of Americanization?

■ The conflict between India and Pakistan is a hard case, in part because America has a stake in both sides. India shares our interests in containing China, ensuring the free flow of oil, and fighting Islamic radicalism. It is a democracy whose elites speak English. (In surveys of public opinion, Israel and India had by far the most pro-American reactions to September 11.) Yet while an alliance with India may serve our long-term interests, our short-term ones dictate friendship with Paki-

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Education Policy and Information

E. D. Hirsch Jr. is a professor of education and humanities emeritus, University of Virginia; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

Economists say that the unequal distribution of information compromises market efficiency. Advocates of free-market school reforms such as charter schools and voucher programs should heed this important truth, as should school boards and state legislators. Without a free flow of reliable information, parents and policymakers cannot make intelligent decisions. Unfortunately, **reliable information is a scarce resource in the education world.**

Educational data exist in oversupply, but there's a critical difference between data and information. Data do not speak for themselves; they must be interpreted by teasing out the separate factors that affect educational outcomes and assigning relative causality to them. Useful analyses, dependable generalizations, and accurate interpretations of educational data are in short supply.

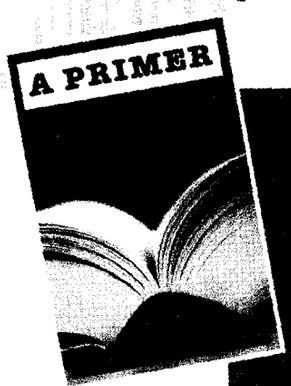
To those who must make decisions, it is disconcerting that so much educational data have produced so little usable information. The November 7 issue of *Education Week* reports that data on the multimillion-dollar "whole school" reform effort are inconclusive. Similarly, the November issue of *Scientific American* reports that data on the effects of class-size reduction are also inconclusive. We cannot draw dependable policy implications from these studies because the data remain ungeneralized and, in a fundamental sense, uninterpreted.

The best recent attempt to generalize educational data was offered by the late Jeanne Chall in her slender last book, *The Academic Achievement Challenge*—the fruit of a lifetime of engagement with educational research. Yet Chall's book has had a negligible effect on charter schools or state policies because its information has not been disseminated. Some thoughtful philanthropist should send thousands of copies of Chall's book to those in a position to affect policy.

One of the greatest gains in our understanding of scientific method came with the insight that data take on new meanings with new interpretations and that the best interpretations take into account relevant knowledge from the widest possible range of domains. **We need to transform the ocean of educational data into usable information on the basis of the most wide-ranging and exacting analyses.** In a field beset with ideology and politics, it is not surprising that good science is in short supply. But regardless of one's faith in markets or, alternatively, in state regulation, we still need reliable information, which means that we need really good science, not the impostor that now calls itself "research" in the field of education. Without better information we are unlikely to achieve much improvement in the quality and equity of our schools.

— E. D. Hirsch Jr.

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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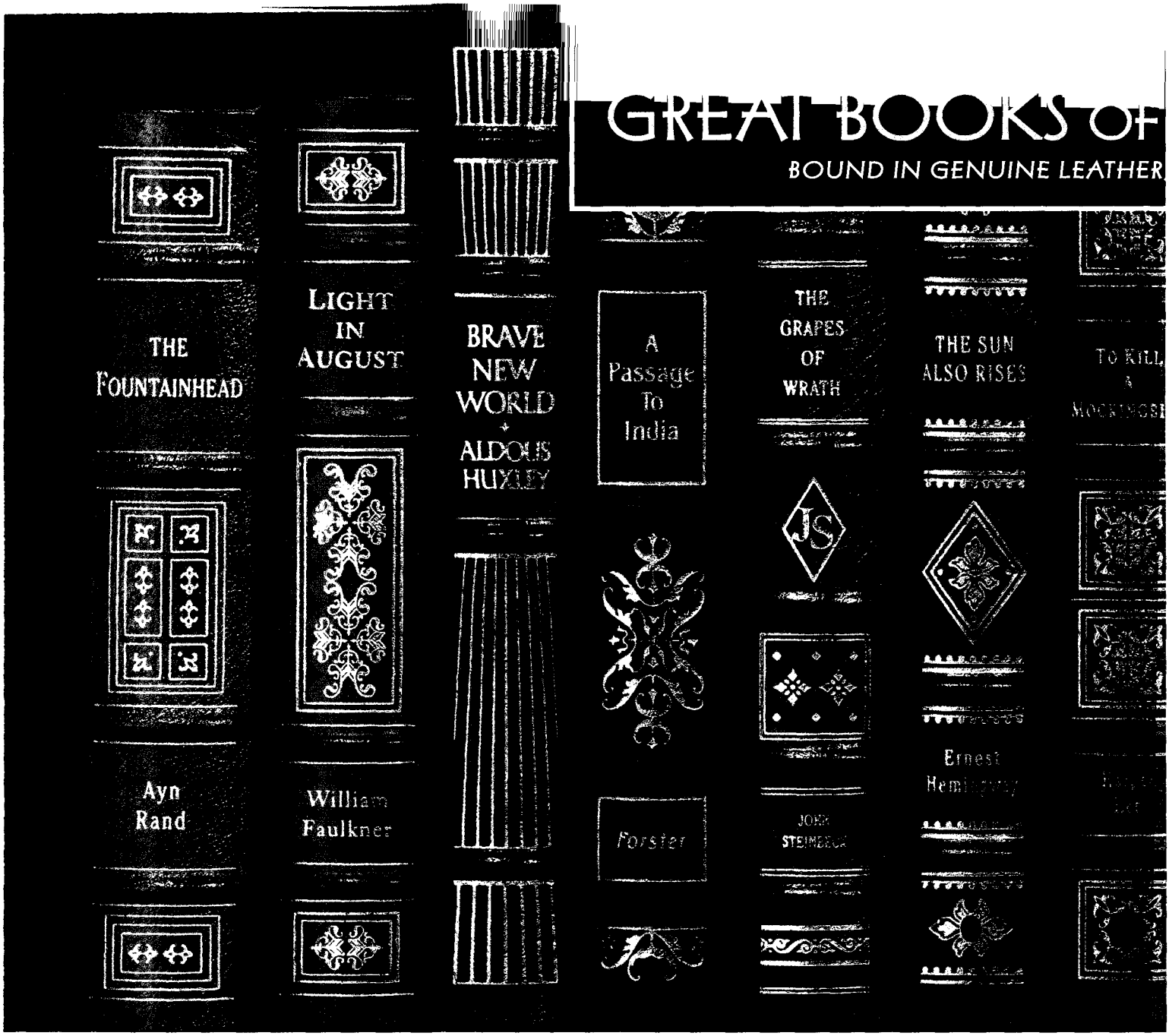

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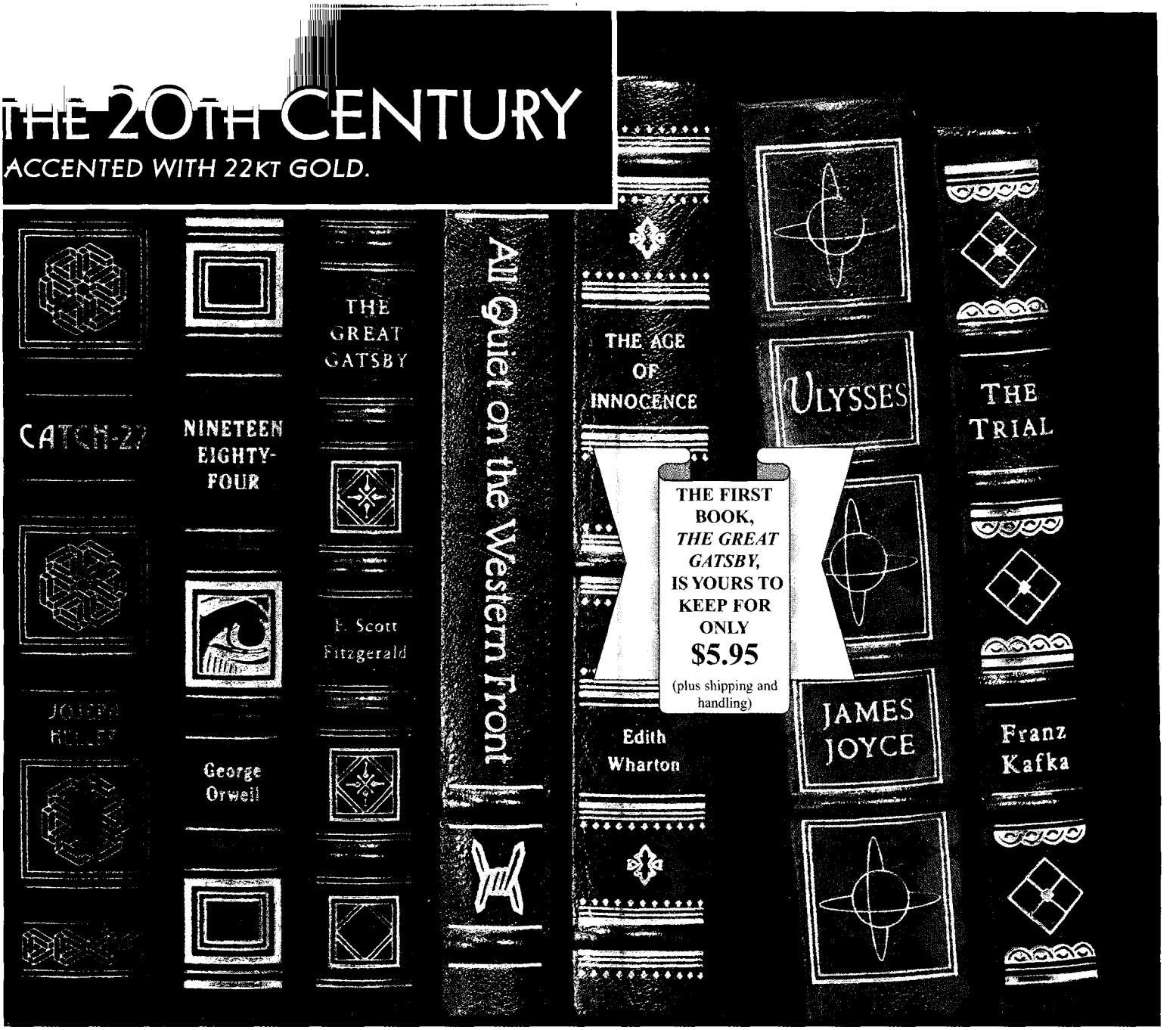

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stan. It has been helping us in the war on the Taliban and al-Qaeda. While its government has sponsored terrorism in the past—and may well have links to the people who have been committing terrorist attacks against India in recent months—Pervez Musharraf, the military dictator in charge of it, may be sincere in promising to change its ways. Under the circumstances, including the limits on our ability to affect the situation, our policy of not tilting either way and trying to defuse the situation seems wise.

■ Once upon a time, Argentina had an economy comparable to those of Europe and America. Decades of Peronism (the Argentine version of protectionist statism) have earned the country its unique designation as a "formerly developed country." Argentina took baby steps away from Peronism in the 1990s, and also allied itself with America. But the country's economic meltdown—which has so far generated violent riots, threats of government default, and five presidents in two weeks—is now being blamed on these very steps, and on America. A return to the bad old days is expected. Here at home, Argentina's travails are being attributed to its 1991 decision to tie the peso to the dollar. In fact, that arrangement succeeded in ending hyperinflation. It was overspending that bankrupted the government. The International Monetary Fund persuaded it to raise taxes to cover the cost. But higher taxes merely hurt an economy already in recession. The government's commitment to the dollar peg, meanwhile, started to wane. Capital flight predictably ensued. Now the peg has been completely abandoned, and devaluation is destroying the worth of people's savings. Neither Argentinians nor Americans are drawing the right lessons. Over the next few years, the former may learn them the hard way.

■ At the very moment when Yasser Arafat was calling for a ceasefire and negotiations with Israel, he knew that one of his ships with a crew of his senior loyalists was at sea smuggling into Gaza 50 tons of weaponry, including Katyusha rockets and anti-tank missiles. Israeli commandos with helicopters intercepted this ship in a surprise operation lasting only a few minutes. Not a shot was fired. Here was impeccable intelligence and execution on the part of people willing to do what they have to in self-defense. When the captain of the ship heard Arafat's call for a ceasefire, he reveals, he was already at sea and assumed his mission would be cancelled, but no. Caught red-handed, Arafat and his men are exposed as the liars and double-dealers they are. Arafat pleads poverty, but this cargo cost him almost $100 million, money that ordinary Palestinians could have used. The Katyushas were intended to attack Israeli cities. Finally, the arms were purchased and loaded in Iran. Hashemi Rafsanjani, thuggish ex-president of Iran, is currently saying that a single nuclear bomb is enough to eliminate Israel, while any Israeli retaliation would wipe out only a small part of the Muslim world. True. The war on terror has a long way to go.

■ The bold lads of the Irish Republican Army have a disconcerting habit—disconcerting it must be for their U.S. sympathizers, anyway, we imagine—of giving themselves away by the company they keep. Kaiser Bill, Adolf Hitler, Leonid Brezhnev, Col. Qaddafi: How, exactly, does it help the cause of justice for the people of Belfast and Londonderry when their most prominent spokesmen are seen walking out at night with characters like that? The question keeps popping up, most recently in Cuba, where Gerry Adams and one of his "generals" (Gerry Kelly, who served jail time for bombing London's Old Bailey in the 1970s) engaged in a love-fest with Fidel Castro. The occasion was a ceremony, organized by Castro, to commemorate the jailed Irish terrorists who died in hunger strikes 20 years ago. The presiding Cuban official compared Margaret Thatcher's war on the IRA with the current allied operation in Afghanistan (so far, so good). In both cases, he said, "a calculated killing against the civilian population of these peoples is being carried out, violating the most elementary of all human rights, the right to life." Gerry Adams said: "Long live Ireland, long live Cuba." Yes, long may they live—under humane, lawful, and democratic government.

■ Failure to prosecute people for the crimes they committed in the name of Communism is perhaps the main reason why countries of the old Soviet bloc have found it hard to launch a civil society with respect for the law. After the Velvet Revolution, the Czech Republic had a moment of what was called lustration, or bringing Communists to account, but it petered out. But in Prague there is an Office for the Documentation and Investigation of the Crimes of Communism. This office has at last initiated a range of prosecutions of men who played a part in the murder of anti-Communist activists going back to 1949, and the subsequent persecution of dissidents. The Office for Documentation is also pressing for the trial of Milos Jakes, last secretary general of the party, and former prime minister Jozef Lenart, two of the hardliners responsible for supporting the Soviets in crushing the Prague Spring of 1968. With Communism as with Nazism, the future remains in suspense until due process of law cleans up the past.

■ Japan, one of the key signatories (not to mention the host country) of the Kyoto protocol, announced that it would not meet the treaty's mandated targets for greenhouse-gas emissions. Although President Bush drew sharp criticism from Europe last summer when he rejected the protocol, no EU country has ratified it yet, and for good reason: The mandated restrictions in carbon-dioxide emissions would be disastrous for local and global economies. The four-year-old treaty, signed in bad faith and based on junk science, has no chance for survival without the support of the United States or Japan. Good riddance.

■ In a new low even by the lamentable standards of African statecraft, the president of Guinea-Bissau (hang a right at Senegal) seems to have launched a coup against himself. The state radio announced a conspiracy to destroy the government and kill the head of state. Troop movements were reported, leading plotters arrested. A close shave, clearly, for

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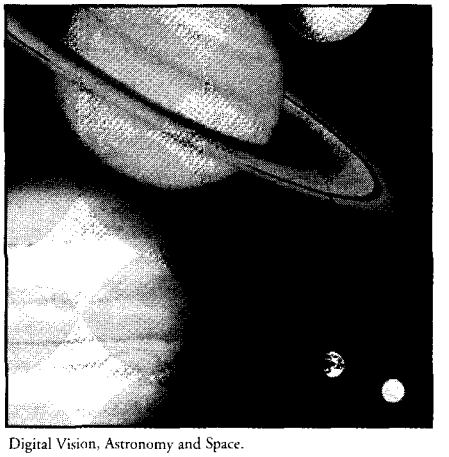

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president Kumba Yalla, whose trademark is a red knitted hat with a bobble on top, and whose most recent constitutional innovation was a threat to suspend parliament for ten years if legislators continued to criticize him. Well, perhaps not so clearly: Pressed by opposition politicians and human-rights groups to name some of the plotters and offer proof of their malign machinations, Mr. Yalla's interior minister took a powder. Resident diplomats, speaking diplomatically, describe the recent behavior of Mr. Yalla, who has been in power two years, as "erratic." And another African nation slides back into the bush. Does anybody care?

■ On Christmas Day, Secret Service agent Walid Shater got on a flight traveling from Baltimore to Dallas (he was going to guard the president at his Texas ranch). Shater, critically, is of Arab origin. Flight attendants entertained doubts about this passenger—who was armed, after all. The pilot duly examined Shater's paperwork, finding disturbing inconsistencies and errors. The pilot asked to talk to Shater—and Shater, according to the pilot's account, appeared anxious, finally becoming confrontational and verbally abusive. In the end, the pilot forbade Shater to take the flight, saying that he would have to take a later one, after everything had been worked out. (The day of this incident, by the way, was three days after Richard Reid tried to blow up a Paris-to-Miami flight with plastic explosives hidden in his shoes.) Then, of course, all PC hell broke loose: President Bush pronounced himself "madder than heck" about the agent's treatment. The egregious Council on American-Islamic Relations got into the act, Sharpton-style. The agent himself hired lawyers, who held a press conference, threatening a lawsuit. The airlines and their pilots are in a thankless position. They have to protect passengers, and to err on the side of caution; yet if they get on the wrong side of the PC police, they're in hot water. (American Airlines apologized to Shater for his personal inconvenience, while standing by its pilot.) The question arises whether Shater is the type of person who should be in the Secret Service: becoming belligerent with pilots asking perfectly reasonable questions; making a public stink; creating a civil-rights case out of an urgent matter of public safety. Shouldn't a Secret Service agent, of all people, understand? It's their job to be suspicious of everything and everyone, and to disregard personal feelings. If they don't like the way someone looks, that's reason enough for them to keep him away from the president. Personal discretion always comes into play. We are told that, after September 11, "everything changed." Would that it had. PC is still in the saddle, bossing us around, clouding our common sense, and making us feel guilty where no guilt is necessary—and George W. Bush, sadly, is participating.

■ Greta Van Susteren has jumped from CNN to Fox News, for a reported million dollars a year. With Geraldo Rivera reporting from Afghanistan for Fox, the decision to steal CNN's lock-jawed lawyer will provide a new promotional angle for conservatives' favorite cable channel: Geraldo and Greta: We Distort, You Complain. Neither of these on-air advocates has a record of letting the facts get in the way, and Geraldo recently claimed falsely that he was reporting from the spot where American soldiers had been killed by friendly fire. To help pay Van Susteren's salary, perhaps Fox can cut expenses by having Geraldo merely imagine that he is in Afghanistan. Fox News is obviously free to hire on-air talent of all ideological stripes, but its latest acquisitions must leave its fans wondering whether honest TV liberals are that difficult to find.

■ Stephen Ambrose, a historian both popular and respected, has been caught plagiarizing. Fred Barnes, writing in *The Weekly Standard*, noted that Ambrose's recent book *The Wild Blue* lifts language from Thomas Childers's 1995 *Wings of Morning*. Practically every media organ in the country jumped on the story. Ambrose soon admitted that he had not adequately acknowledged his debt to Childers, promised to correct future editions, and apologized. Ambrose's sin appears to have resulted from sloppiness rather than anything more sinister. His reputation, though still good, will now be justly damaged. While journalists were right to call attention to Ambrose's failure to uphold scholarly standards, some of them appear to have a double standard of their own. The *New York Times*, for example, covered the charge against Ambrose in its first edition after the charge had been leveled. When credible accusations were made that Michael Bellesiles had fabricated evidence in his high-profile and prize-winning book on gun ownership in early America, however, months went by before the *Times* took notice. Bellisles's book was an elite sensation that was widely taken to advance the case for gun control. Ambrose's book caters to the public's patriotic and nostalgic sentiments. Whether these facts are relevant to the *Times*'s coverage, we'll leave for others to judge.

■ Patients in need of transplants may soon be able to make do with organs taken from pigs. Scientists have been able to use cloning techniques to create pigs without a gene that causes humans to reject their organs. Can opponents of human cloning, especially of the creation and destruction of human

They'll Hold Hearings

As Lieberman and Levin, in
Descending circles, soar
Above decaying Enron while
Insisting it's a chore
The civic-minded must assume;
Doubts linger when the things
Land heavily, as buzzards do,
Then fold their ghastly wings.

—W. H. von Dreele

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life for experimental purposes, welcome this development? It seems to us that we can. Just as there is no compelling moral objection to owning, killing, or experimenting on pigs, there is none to manufacturing them. Doing any of those things to humans, however, should be forbidden. As biotechnology marches on, what we all need to remember is that human beings shouldn't be treated like pigs.

■ Mike Tyson—the ex-heavyweight champion and head case—was in Havana recently, throwing things at reporters in a hotel lobby, and showing off his tattoo of Che Guevara, featured on his stomach. That must have pleased his host, Fidel Castro. The Guevara tattoo goes with another of Tyson's tattoos, of Mao Tse-tung, on his biceps. "Iron Mike" is a pretty big guy, offering a broad canvas, so, as we see it, there's plenty of room for Castro himself, Pol Pot, Kim Il Sung . . .

■ In *The New York Review of Books*, Ian Buruma and Avishai Margalit contemplate the worldview of bin Laden and 20th-century totalitarians. All these villains, say Buruma and Margalit, have admired command economies, state-imposed creeds, and simple, un-cosmopolitan lifestyles. Fair enough; but the bad guys also like "heroes" and "manliness," and whatever they're for, Buruma and Margalit are agin. "Accountants mulling over shady bank accounts and undercover agents bribing their way will be more useful in the long-term struggle than special macho units blasting their way into the caves of Afghanistan." Cc: Churchill, Washington, Jan Sobieski, and Horatius at the Bridge. Gentlemen, your services are no longer required. Civilization will be defended by accountants, spies, and the "Personals" column of *The New York Review of Books*.

■ Browsing in a gift store for some knick-knacks to help make their Yuletide gay, two gentlemen of a certain orientation in Providence, R.I., came across Kiss Kiss Mistletoe Bears. These cute little stuffed toys are sold in pairs, with magnets in their noses. Put boy bear next to girl bear, and they kiss. There had, however, apparently been a slip-up in Santa's workshop: One of the boy bears had the wrong magnet, so that when brought up close to another boy bear . . . well, you get the idea. Our questing shoppers decided that was exactly what they wanted under their Christmas tree. Uh-uh, said the store, you have to buy one boy bear, one girl bear. It's like shoes—we can't separate a pair. What happened next depends on whose story you believe. The store claims that the two disgruntled ursophiles got into a shouting match with other shoppers; the gentlemen themselves say that they were merely trying to assert their inalienable right to buy bears of the same inclination as themselves. It all ended with their being escorted from the mall, bear-less, by security guards. They have now filed a complaint with the state Commission for Human Rights. Blessed is the nation in which a Commission for Human Rights has the leisure to ponder injustices as microscopic as this one.

■ Calvin Coolidge once said, "A wholesome regard for the memory of great men of long ago is the best assurance to a people of a continuation of great men to come, who shall be able to instruct, to lead, and to inspire." On December 26, an aggressive brain tumor detected just days before took the life of Thomas B. Silver, a 54-year-old scholar of Coolidge who helped found and recently ran the indispensable Claremont Institute in California. He leaves behind a wife and two children—and a memory of instruction, leadership, and inspiration. R.I.P.

THE ECONOMY

Daschlenomics

Tax cuts don't affect people's behavior, yet are powerful enough to cause recessions even before they're enacted. That appears to be the economic theory Tom Daschle is advancing as he tries to make the case that President Bush's tax cut is responsible for layoffs, diminishing surpluses, the underfunding of national priorities, and probably flu season. The leader of the Senate Democrats outlined his economic views in a speech on January 4.

Yet nobody disputes that the economy started weakening before Bush took office and officially went into recession before he passed his tax cut. The recession is the primary reason that projections of this year's surplus are being revised downward—possibly to zero or below. That's not the fault of the tax cut, which is phased in too slowly to have much budget impact yet. At most, a fifth of the deterioration in the surplus is attributable to tax cuts. That's why Daschle plays up the surplus projections for the next ten years, which are basically worthless, rather than looking at this year's numbers.

Daschle could have argued, as other liberals do, that Bush should have foreseen that a recession would so reduce the surplus as to make his tax cut unaffordable. But that amounts to saying that it's especially worthwhile to keep high taxes during a recession—which is absurd.

Even if the tax cut were responsible for the vanishing of the surplus, that wouldn't establish that it had hurt the economy. So Daschle goes on to claim that smaller surpluses raise interest rates. But long-term interest rates have not historically moved in tandem with the federal budget balance: Over the last year they have fallen even as the surplus has gone. Nor are lower interest rates the key to higher growth. They reflect the return to capital, and rising returns can encourage investment.

Finally, even if Daschle's analysis were correct, he offers no solution—as has been widely noted. He has too much political sense to call for a repeal of Bush's tax cut. Indeed, he offers a grab-bag of ineffectual tax cuts and new spending of his own. By his own logic, they too should reduce the surplus, cause interest rates to rise, and hurt the economy. Not only does Daschle's argument not make sense, it doesn't even try to.

Bush responded to Daschle's speech by calling his bluff on tax hikes. The president appears to hold the whip hand on economic policy. He had been inclined to compromise with the Democrats on a stimulus bill. But when they proved recalcitrant—Daschle at one point set the condition that two-

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thirds of his caucus would have to agree to any deal—Republicans went on the attack. A modest expenditure of political capital on the part of the president was enough to pin the blame on Daschle for blocking a stimulus bill.

That's an inside-Washington win—it's not the same as actually getting a good bill. A new year gives Bush a new chance to do that. While the politicians have squabbled, the economy has shown some signs of perking up on its own. But it still needs, and voters want, measures to increase investment. To improve incentives to invest will require permanent tax cuts, not temporary ones. The most effective cuts would probably be in the capital-gains tax and the top income-tax rate. Bush should insist on a stimulus bill worthy of the name.

IRAQ

Appointment in Baghdad

Sometime in late 2001, the "Arab street" died. There will surely be anti-American demonstrations in the Middle East again, but the utility of such protests as a way of warning off the U.S. from asserting itself in the region collapsed simultaneously with the Taliban. And thus did the chief argument against an American offensive against the Baathist regime in Iraq fall away.

Now, the obstacle to moving against Iraq is mostly inertia—diplomatic, military, and intellectual. It will take time and effort to make the anti-Saddam case to the world so that international resistance is softened up; to plan, and to position the necessary resources for, the actual campaign; to overcome the allure that stasis has for the Washington bureaucracy and parts of the American foreign-policy elite. Old Bush I hands like Brent Scowcroft, who opposed toppling even the Taliban, will warn of the dire consequences—instability!—of regime change in Iraq. But as Afghanistan's new president Hamid Karzai shows, sometimes the alternative you don't know is vastly superior to the devil you do.

The intelligence trail from Afghanistan may be leading elsewhere, to other possible al-Qaeda sanctuaries, such as Yemen and Somalia. The military task in those places may be less challenging than a war in Iraq, and the work there necessary to undertake at some point anyway, so that it makes sense to tackle them right away. (Such work would include establishing the conditions for a new U.N.-sponsored government in Somalia.) But the groundwork for the Iraqi campaign must begin now, starting with the State Department's getting over its contemptuous neglect of the Iraqi opposition. The administration ultimately cannot shrink from its challenge in Baghdad.

While the appeal of bin Laden's radical Islamic challenge to the West has already been drastically diminished by his defeat in Afghanistan, Saddam Hussein's radical Arab-nationalist challenge still awaits its final rebuke. When his regime falls, the political—and perhaps even literal—map of the Middle East will look different in ways that may make it possible to consider the war on terrorism if not won, at least far advanced.

OBITUARY

Warren Steibel, R.I.P.

WARREN STEIBEL, producer, friend, character, died on January 3 in New York Hospital after a miserable week. The cause of death was cancer.

Warren's offices were at NATIONAL REVIEW, an arrangement that began when he took over the production of *Firing Line*, a few months after its launching in April 1966. Neal Freeman, sometime Washington correspondent for NR, had at age 24 acted as de facto producer, but left town to work out his destiny in Washington, where he thrives. Steibel, age 40—disheveled, corpulent, dogged in his views about how the program should be produced—came to us after having done work with Andy Rooney at CBS, as also with others at NBC and ABC. *Firing Line* was still something of a problematic enterprise—its original commission, by RKO, had been for 13 weeks, and it was running on its second or third renewal when Steibel took it over.

That seems many years ago, because it was. Warren had produced a movie, *The Honeymoon Killers*, which is now recognized as something of an art classic. He took time, that summer of 1966, to do an hour's documentary featuring Nancy Reagan, whose husband was running for governor of California. In the ensuing 35 years, he dabbled in sundry enterprises, but until *Firing Line* ended, with the millennium, he gave it most of his time. After we closed shop, he continued his fascination for exchanges of opinion with a program called *DebatesDebates*, the singular feature of which is the absence of a referee. His manner, in approaching guests to appear, was forthright. I don't really know at first hand what techniques he used over the telephone, but it seemed to me that everyone

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whose last name was other than Kennedy or Rockefeller acceded to his invitations, or importunities. He was unique, and unforgettable; stern as regarded duties, but enormously thoughtful in small ways (he never made me appear at the studio more than 15 minutes before air time). He made thorough and fruitful use of his assistants, first Paul Sweeney and then George Kahookele. Every now and then he had a quite extraordinary fit of temper, one of which, coming in *in medias res*, I witnessed, wondering that the object of it would ever speak to him again, let alone continue to work with him.

But everybody stayed friends with Warren Steibel. His extravagant kindnesses, his comprehensive seizures of laughter, his love of the races and of the casinos, of music and opera, roped everybody in. He liked to tell journalists (he won an Emmy award for *Firing Line*) that he was a dedicated liberal, notwithstanding his prolonged exposures to alien thought (1,504 episodes of *Firing Line*, 45 *Firing Line* debates). I never challenged him (or cared, really). I was never entirely convinced that his liberalism was anything more than attitudinal.

What mattered was the sense of substance one had in associating with him. His was a very large presence, and when he died, there was stillness at NATIONAL REVIEW that day, the measure of a true sense of loss.

—WFB

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: In the Notes & Asides section of your Dec. 17 issue, a reader wanted to know why The Bronx is the only borough of New York City to have the definite article in its name.

The reply expressed complete ignorance on the subject. Let me enlighten you, your correspondent, and your other readers.

The 42-square-mile area that is New York City's borough of The Bronx was originally part of Westchester County. In 1874 the section west of the Bronx River was taken over by New York City. In 1895 the portion east of the Bronx River was similarly annexed. In 1898 the city took over Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island. At that time it was decided to create the five-borough city of Greater New York, with the two areas previously annexed erected as one of the boroughs.

As that territory had never had a name before, the City Fathers looked at a map and saw that the Bronx River ran through its center. Therefore, they named the borough after the river, the borough of The Bronx.

If your correspondent or anyone connected with NATIONAL REVIEW had taken time to call The Bronx County Historical Society at 718-881-8900, this elemental information could have been obtained in less than three minutes.

I would suggest that if anyone has any question about the heritage of The Bronx or its enormous, but underappreciated, contributions to the city and the nation, he or she should contact this institution.

Sincerely,
Lloyd Ultan
Bronx Borough Historian
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Buckley: After years of reading Notes & Asides, I finally have something to contribute.

I wish to shed light on Mr. Daly's etiological question that remained unanswered in the Dec. 17 NR, viz., why it is that *The* Bronx takes the definite article.

In colonial times, a large portion of the area in question was settled by Jakob Bronck and his family. Hence when plucky Nieu Amsterdamers would wend their way through the wilds of upper Manhattan and cross the Harlem River, they were said to be going to visit "the Broncks."

Apparently the appellation stuck, but the greater mystery to me is how the "cks" elided into "x."

Cordially,
Rev. David J. Born
Rego Park, The Queens, N.Y.

Dear Rev. Born: To get an answer to your question, just call the Office of The Bronx Borough Historian. Three minutes. Telephone: 718-881-8900.

Cordially,
WFB

■ *"Nixon was proud of his capacity to memorize, but the exercise of that skill tripped him up now and again. The State Department's brief, duly committed to memory, was on the forthcoming visit of the prime minister of Mauritius, an unfriendly desert state in West Africa, but the dazed guest in the Oval Office was the prime minister of ever-so-friendly Mauritania, a lagoon of sorts in the Indian Ocean. Only after well into the president's hectoring of the policies of Mauritius did Henry Kissinger succeed in slipping him a note: 'wrong prime minister, wrong country.' "*

—from a recent WFB column

Dear Mr. Buckley: Just to let you know that folks read carefully out here in Utah: It is Mauritania that is "an unfriendly desert state in West Africa" and it is Mauritius that is "a lagoon of sorts in the Indian Ocean."

Given this confusion, I now am not clear as to whether Richard Nixon goofed, Henry Kissinger goofed, or William F. Buckley Jr. goofed.

With warmest regards,
Jeffrey R. Holland
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Mr. Holland: How's Holland doing? Not lost in the Indian Ocean, I hope.

Cordially,

—WFB

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■ THE PRESIDENCY ■

Rising Freshman

Bush at Year One

RAMESH PONNURU

THAT President Bush has done a splendid job as a war leader, by now, goes without saying. On all the big decisions, he made the right calls. He also quickly became an eloquent spokesman for national resolve. Bush's stratospheric approval ratings reflect not only the public's instinct to rally around a leader in a crisis, but its appreciation for his actual performance. He has been better than many people expected.

Bush's leadership since September 11, however, should not be allowed to obscure the fact that he was having a fairly successful first year in office even before the attacks. While most liberals appreciate what Bush has done over the last four months, there is here and there carping to the effect that Bush was flailing about before the attacks, which came in the nick of time for him.

In particular, the war is said to have helped Bush by disarming liberals who wished to argue that he was an idiot and an illegitimate president. But these arguments were never likely to prevail with voters. Liberal pretensions to intellectual superiority have a consistent track record of failure. Democrats played the IQ card against Eisenhower, Reagan, and W. himself. Each time they merely reinforced their association with an arrogant mandarin class while burnishing Republicans' populist credentials. The argument from Florida, meanwhile, wrongly assumed that voters would be eager to rehang chads in 2002 and 2004. Liberals' abandonment of these tactics is a good thing for them and bad for Bush.

It's true that Bush had some political problems before the war; some of them have been erased, others eclipsed (perhaps temporarily). The public was not fully sold on him. This had nothing to do with Florida, except in the sense that his lack of decisive support in 2000 made Florida possible. It was more that Bush

George W. Bush by Roman Genn

didn't quite fill the stage. He now does, not least because he is on stage more often.

Other potentially damaging issues have receded in importance but could resurface. Bush is, for one thing, overidentified with the interests of corporate America. His failure to devise a sustainable environmental politics is both a contributor to and a result of that problem, as well as being a vulnerability in its own right. On health care, his agenda has been reactive and inadequate. His domestic cabinet generally lacks figures as substantial as Donald Rumsfeld, Colin Powell, and Condoleezza Rice. (Quick: Name the education secretary.) His policies on taxes, trade, and regulation had not been devised or presented as a compelling response to economic conditions.

Right before the attacks, the administration was beginning to show signs of drift. The White House was said to be on the verge of launching an ill-considered initiative called "communities of character," wherein the awesome power of the federal government would be deployed to help grandmothers use e-mail to stay in touch with their families.

But none of these problems was insuperable. None of them compared to those besetting Bill Clinton at the same stage of his presidency. The Travelgate, Whitewater, and Troopergate stories all blossomed in 1993. Clinton's stimulus bill was defeated, as was his attempt to let open homosexuals serve in the military. *Time* ran a cover story on him as "the incredible shrinking president."

From time to time during 2001, liberal journalists would say, wishfully, that some Bush initiative would be his version of gays-in-the-military. Among the candidates were his decision to restore the ban on funding for groups that perform or promote abortion overseas, his tax cut, and his delay in reducing arsenic levels in water. But Clinton got into trouble because he tried to do things as president for which his 1992 campaign had not prepared the country. He ran pledging a tax cut, and raised taxes. Repealing the military's ban on gays became a priority only after the campaign. Bush faced no such danger. His policies on taxes, abortion, and the environment were extensively debated during 2000. By and large, President Bush has merely tried to deliver on the promises of Candidate Bush.

He has gone a long way toward fulfilling those promises, both before and after September 11. His most important policy victory was, of course, his tax cut, which passed without much alteration. Its design could be faulted, but it was the first reduction in income-tax rates in 20 years. It is already altering the political terrain in Bush's favor: Democrats are complaining that there's not enough money left in the budget for all their favored "investments." (Bush's father, by contrast, saw the Senate sink his signature economic policy, a capital-gains tax cut, in his first year.)

Bush has triumphed on missile defense. Withdrawing from the ABM treaty in January 2001 would have provoked howls from liberals, including the media. Instead, the administration kept saying it was thinking about leaving. By the time it made the decision final, it was old news and the outrage was muted.

Even on issues where President Bush adopted a defensive strategy, he was able to get tactical wins. Democrats had hoped to embarrass Bush by passing a version of the "patient's bill of rights" that he opposed. He surprised them by splitting

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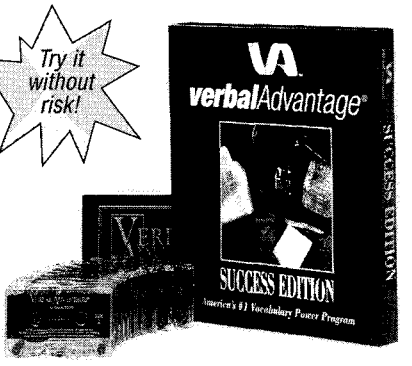

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the coalition behind the bill—resulting in a stalemate.

When Bush has tripped up or missed opportunities, it has usually been because of his reluctance to engage in partisan fights. He hasn't yet issued a single veto, which has emboldened his opponents. The airport-security bill was a fiasco, with the administration making its preferences clear too late in the game, and then caving.

Bush may have learned this lesson, as evidenced by his recent disputes with Tom Daschle over the stimulus bill. Bush has always aspired to be a leader above the parties, and the war increased his desire and ability to play that role. But Daschle's obstruction of the stimulus bill, of other bills, and above all of judicial nominations seems to have convinced Bush that he has to play hardball. Already, the president has managed to pin the blame on the Democrats for the failure to enact a stimulus. He thus ended 2001 with political momentum. His popularity will help him win partisan fights this year, too, especially if Daschle continues to overreach.

Bush can build on his success this year. He will continue the war on terror. He should also challenge Congress to show the world how civilized countries solve their problems by using democracy and free markets. Welfare reform has made a dent in longstanding social ills; it comes up for re-authorization in 2002. We can modernize entitlements, too, and end such lingering injustices as partial-birth abortion. Americans' new confidence in their political institutions need not be simply reduced to confidence in big government—not if Bush outlines a can-do conservatism as an alternative.

Bush's continued success is obviously important to conservatives. He has achieved, or advanced, important conservative goals. On taxes, missile defense, judicial nominations, Social Security, and trade, conservatives can applaud him. Bush's black marks include the education bill, the airline-security measure, the apology to China after the spring hostage incident, and the surrender to political pressure to stop military training in Vieques.

His record on two other issues is mixed. The faith-based initiative got off to a bumpy start. All the emphasis was on its most worrisome feature, the invitation to small religious charities to join the hustle for federal grants. On stem cells, Bush created a political headache for himself by leaving his position open for several months instead of sticking with his pro-life campaign position. When he finally resolved the controversy, however, he did so with a principled compromise and the most articulate and high-profile defense of the sanctity of life from a president since Ronald Reagan wrote "Abortion and the Conscience of a Nation."

Conservatives can be happy with the general tenor of the administration as well. Bush does not govern with an eye nervously over his shoulder at the editorial page of the *New York Times*. Perhaps he would have been more likely to "grow in office"—i.e., become more liberal—if liberal elites had tried to seduce him. Instead, after Florida, they were out to get him from the start of his term.

Conservatives' complaints with Bush are more often strategic than ideological. Indeed, anyone who is happy with the conservative movement as it stands should be happy with this administration. They should be happy, too, with the Republican party, which is now about as programmatically unified as political parties get. Bush has even begun to occupy some of the space in conservatives' hearts that used to be reserved exclusively for Ronald Reagan, whose inauguration is now closer in time to John F. Kennedy's than to our own day.

But Bush and the conservative movement share weaknesses: a reluctance to challenge liberal pieties concerning race; failure to exploit the full potential of the new investor class; blindness to the costs of continuous mass immigration; lack of zeal to shrink government; a reactive approach to health care; and a general lack of creativity.

And the downside to Bush's dominance of the Right is that it reflects the decay of such conservative organizations as the Christian Coalition. The dormancy of organized conservatism deprives Bush of useful allies. It also means that there is no force tugging him right to offset the many forces tugging him left.

Conservatives should be grateful that Bush is as conservative as he is, since they have no independent political power to force him to be so. As they celebrate Bush's success, they might profitably worry about their own failures. **NR**

■ **THE ECONOMY** ■

Almost Astrology

The Democratic view of the economy

STEPHEN MOORE

In his indispensable book *The Making of Modern Economics*, Mark Skousen reports that in the late 19th century some economists actually theorized that "the configuration of the stars and planets" was a key cause of business crises. This economic astrology is only slightly less bizarre than what today's leadership of the national Democratic party believes about the current economic recession.

On January 4, Senate majority leader Tom Daschle made a major economic speech in which he set forth for Democrats an alternative vision to what he ridicules as the GOP's "unchanging, unyielding solution that they offer for every problem: tax cuts that go disproportionately to the most affluent." The speech neatly summarized what the opinion class of the Left has been saying for years now: Tax cuts are the root of all evil.

Unfortunately, Daschle's lecture contains precious little economic wisdom. His strategy is to blame the recession, the surge in unemployment, and the reemergence of budget deficits on President Bush's tax cuts passed back in May. Never mind that the stock-market slide and broader slowdown began at least six months before Bush became president, and almost a year before his tax cut was enacted. (The public understands this: Recent polls show that Americans are much more likely to blame Bill Clinton for the recession.)

Daschle's economic case against tax cuts goes like this: Tax cuts simply give money to rich people and corporations

Mr. Moore is an NR contributing editor and president of the Club for Growth.

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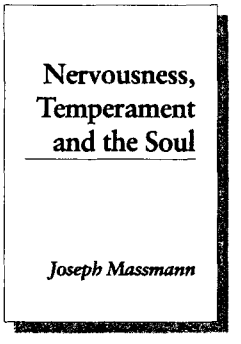

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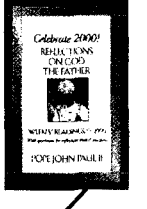

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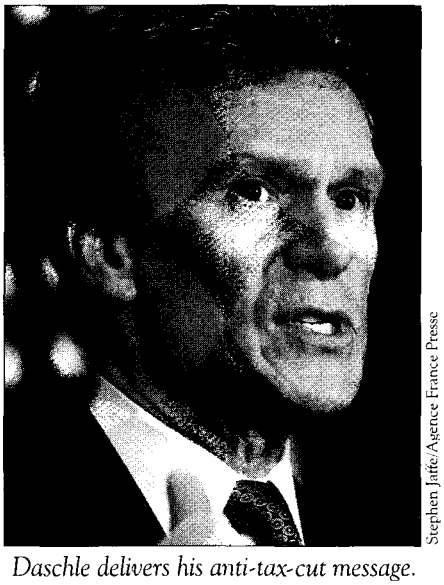
who don't need it; these tax cuts lead to higher budget deficits; higher budget deficits lead to higher interest rates; higher interest rates hurt the economy. A much better way to reinvigorate the economy, according to Daschle, would be to scuttle all talk of tax-rate reductions in 2002 (some in his party want last year's Bush tax cut cancelled too) and instead increase government spending on infrastructure, education, training, and welfare programs.

On one point, Daschle is right: The Bush tax cut has not helped the economy one iota. It has not put a single unemployed American back to work. But how could it? Nobody's taxes have been cut yet. Bush made a fatal concession to Democrats last spring in agreeing to defer almost all of the tax-rate reductions to 2004 and thereafter. How can tax cuts scheduled for 2005 rescue the economy *now*? In fact, the only tax "cut" so far was last August's harebrained tax-rebate plan. And guess whose idea that was? Tom Daschle's. The White House economic team was quick to adopt it, making fatuous arguments that rebates would help the economy; just as quickly, the congressional GOP realized the political appeal of having the government write $300 checks to voters.

But the tax rebate was essentially an anti-supply-side tax plan that contained no incentives to increase output. In supply-side economics, the purpose of reducing tax rates is not to put more money into the hands of consumers to spend (though it's undoubtedly true that they can spend it more efficiently than Daschle or Denny Hastert can), but rather to increase production and wealth—by reducing the tax penalty against saving, working, hiring, investing, and taking risks. And so far, *neither* party has pushed for this kind of stimulus to help us out of the recession.

The intellectual underpinning of Daschle's assault against tax cuts is the theory that lower tax rates mean higher long-term interest rates and lower long-term investment. There are two major flaws in this theory. First, former Treasury economist Gary Robbins has shown that high marginal tax rates deter investment more than high interest rates do; this means that we should cut marginal tax rates, even if we have to borrow to do so. Second, there is no actual evidence to support the claim that tax cuts cause higher interest rates. In the 1980s, Ronald Reagan put through a major tax cut; mortgage interest rates fell from their 1980 Carter-era peak of 17 percent to about 8 percent when Reagan left office. In 1993, promoters of the Clinton tax hike argued that it would lower interest rates—but in the 18 months after the tax hike, interest rates rose. In recent months, interest rates have fallen, even as the budget deficit has risen.



Stephen Jaffe/Agence France Presse

Daschle delivers his anti-tax-cut message.

This is not to deny that federal deficit spending crowds out private investment; it almost certainly does. But the crowding-out effect is not from the borrowing to pay for the spending, it is from the federal spending itself—the pulling of real resources out of the private economy and allocating them to political pork.

And that's precisely what Sen. Daschle wants to do. Rather than cut taxes to juice the economy, the Democrats argue for, in essence, the Japan-Argentina economic-recovery model: a traditional Keynesian pump-priming scheme of flooding the nation with tens of billions of dollars on new and expanded federal programs. But the logic here is contorted: If tax cuts are unwise because they unbalance the budget and risk boosting interest rates, certainly this must be equally true of increased federal spending. In his Jan. 4 speech, Daschle invoked the principle of "fiscal responsibility" repeatedly, and with Clintonian sincerity; he might even have pulled off the deception had it not been for the speech's proposed solutions, which amount to a naked endorsement of big government.

Indeed, ever since Daschle became majority leader last May, federal spending has been rising steeply: In 2001, it posted its largest percentage increase since the late 1970s. In terms of sparking up the economy, this $150 billion government shopping spree has been a total dud; the same strategy that turned Japan, once a proud and prosperous island, into a gigantic, publicly funded slab of concrete, is now failing here.

In sum, the Daschle anti-recession medication is nothing new at all: expand the government and fiercely oppose all tax cuts.

But where are the Republicans' new ideas? Even President Bush's own version of a fiscal-stimulus plan is economically impotent: It does not cut the capital-gains tax; it does not reduce the highest and most punitive income-tax rates; it does not eliminate the corporate alternative tax. Furthermore, almost half the cost of the stimulus plan would be consumed by programs that will *reduce* jobs and growth: another crackpot tax-rebate scheme (this time targeted to workers who don't pay income tax); expanded unemployment insurance (which simply pays people to stay unemployed longer); and more government-subsidized health care. The only income-tax-rate reduction in the president's plan would slice the 27 percent rate down to 25 percent. If this is the GOP's anti-recession program, then the Republicans are only slightly less confused about how to create jobs and wealth than the Democrats are.

The White House should start over: abandon last year's aborted fiscal-stimulus charade and push for an aggressive economic plan to get back on the track of the 4 percent annual growth rate of the late 1990s. Want jobs and reinvestment to soar in 2002? Suspend the capital-gains tax for one year, as Arthur Laffer has proposed. Rather than suspend the Bush tax cut from last June, as the Democrats have suggested, accelerate all the tax cuts to January 1, 2002. Finally, don't try to mend the complicated corporate alternative tax. End it. But don't expect any cooperation from Tom Daschle. **NR**

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■ ON CAMPUS ■

Dr. West and Mr. Summers

A Harvard tale

ROGER KIMBALL

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As an illustration of what might happen were university presidents allowed to think for themselves and exercise independent intellectual leadership, consider the recent case of Cornel West vs. Larry Summers at Harvard. West is the Alphonse Fletcher, Jr., University Professor of Afro-American Studies at Harvard University. (He is also, incidentally, head of Al Sharpton's presidential exploratory committee.) Summers, a former professor of political economy at Harvard, served briefly as Bill Clinton's secretary of the treasury and has been president of Harvard since last July.

Summers early on showed troubling signs of independence. Last fall, for example, he extolled the U.S. military, publicly noting the "special nobility . . . [of] those who are prepared to sacrifice their lives for our country." True, the terrorist attacks of September 11 have resulted in a partial dispensation for patriotic speech. Still, when was the last time you heard the president of a major university praise the military?

Well, this friskiness soon caught up with Summers. In October, he had the temerity to meet with Cornel West and suggest that he turn his hand to some serious scholarship—West's most recent production was a rap CD called *Sketches of My Culture*—and lead the way in fighting the scandal of grade inflation at Harvard, where one of every two grades is an A or A-. What an outrage! West went to sulk in his tent, announcing on the way that he was applying for another year's leave of absence (he had just returned from one) and letting it be known that he might just up and leave Harvard.

The true seriousness of this firestorm became evident when the *New York Times* put the story on its front page at the end of December. The firmament trembled. Not only West, but also other members of Harvard's Afro-American Studies department—including Henry Louis Gates Jr., the high-profile chairman of the department—were thinking of defecting, to Princeton perhaps, in the wake of Summers's perceived insult.

■

In the New York Times, West was "Dr.," but Summers was plain ol' "Mr."

■

Within a week, the situation seemed to be spinning out of control. Jesse Jackson asked to meet Summers to seek "clarity" on Harvard's commitment to "diversity." Charles J. Ogletree, another professor of Afro-American Studies at Harvard, thundered that "it's absolutely critical that the president make an unequivocal public statement in support of affirmative action."

Oh dear. A Harvard spokesman whined that the whole thing was just "a huge misunderstanding." Summers himself declared, "We are proud of the Afro-American Studies program at Harvard, collectively and individually. We would very much like to see them stay at Harvard and will compete vigorously to make this an attractive environment." In other words: "Name your price, boys; we give up." The *Times* rewarded Summers with a second front-page story that announced his rehabilitation: "In two interviews . . . he seemed eager to refute any suggestion that he was too confrontational," the paper reported. "Even his critics seem to grant that Mr. Summers has learned from the disputes over the past few weeks."

You betcha. He's learned, for example, that if he dares to criticize black professors at Harvard, he will face the wrath of the *Times*, Jesse Jackson, and the whole steamroller smear machine of racialist political correctness. (Even Al Sharpton got into the act, threatening to sue Harvard for damaging his prospects as a presidential candidate.) The episode of Cornel West vs. Larry Summers is not simply another sorry tale from the annals of academic pusillanimity. It is a textbook example of liberal intimidation at work. That first story on the *Times*'s front page was not news—it was a warning shot fired across the bow of Summers's presumption of independence. What it meant was, "Be careful. If you do not capitulate, we will hound you out of office with an avalanche of negative publicity."

The *Times* was quite right to take Summers's initial insubordination seriously. A college president out in Podunk might be allowed to buck the trend of political correctness. But the president of Harvard? Never. The *Times* understood that if Summers held firm, the intellectual Potemkin Village that three decades of political correctness has built might be exposed for the rickety stage prop it is.

In all the mainstream press coverage of this affair, it was put about that Cornel West is a serious scholar, that Afro-American Studies is a serious academic discipline, and that Harvard's department of Afro-American Studies in particular boasted a "dream team" of important intellectuals. I suspect that the *Times*'s bizarre decision to call West "Dr. West" while it habitually refers to other academics and Ph.D.-holders as "Mr." or "Ms." So-and-So ("Mr. Summers," for example) was part of the general effort to burnish West's academic aura. The unpalatable truth is that Afro-American Studies is a pseudo-discipline—an academic ghetto constructed to accommodate the beneficiaries of "affirmative action"—and that the celebrated occupants of Harvard's department are second-class scholars with first-class salaries and perquisites.

Mr. Kimball, managing editor of *The New Criterion*, is the author of many works on higher education and the "culture wars," including *Tenured Radicals*, *The Long March*, and *Experiments Against Reality*.

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Cornel West, like the Afro-Am Studies sociologist William Julius Wilson, is a University Professor at Harvard, one of only 14 out of a faculty of 2,000. His personal website (www.cornelwest.com) declares him "one of the preeminent minds of our time." It also explains that his rap CD "constitutes a watershed moment in musical history" and speaks of "Dr. West's passionate oratory and deep grasp of a multitude of subject matter [sic] (from hiphop culture to a treatment on Nihilism and Nietzche [sic])." But what has this "preeminent mind" produced? The CD—you can listen to excerpts on his website—is subliterate, anti-musical garbage. West has a reasonably impressive list of publications—impressive in length, that is. In content, those writings are half racial demagoguery, half polysyllabic New Left gospel.

West began his career as a student of religious studies, and his work poaches early and often on Christian rhetoric (what West likes to call the "prophetic Christian tradition") to make a variety of fashionable left-wing political points. Anyone who has seen him perform knows that, should the academic world ever wise up to him, he could have an immensely successful career as an itinerant preacher. In 1995, Leon Wieseltier wrote a long and devastating assessment of West's work in *The New Republic*. He spoke of West's "union of pomposity and enthusiasm," and noted that West was essentially "a homiletical figure, a socialist divine," whose books are "almost completely worthless." West's work, Wieseltier concluded "is noisy, tedious, slippery, . . . sectarian, humorless, pedantic and self-endeared."

I cannot improve on that. But for the sake of completeness, it is worth sampling a sentence of the professor's prose. "Since," West writes in an essay called "The Historicist Turn in Philosophy of Religion,"

> I believe that the major life-denying forces in our world are economic exploitation (resulting primarily from the social logic of capital accumulation), state repression (linked to the social logic of state augmentation), bureaucratic domination (owing to the social logic of administrative subordination), racial, sexual and heterosexual subjugation

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(due to the social logics of white, male and heterosexual supremacist practices) and ecological subjection (resulting, in part, from modern values of scientific manipulation), I entertain a variety of social analyses and cultural critiques that yield not merely one grand synthetic social theory, but rather . . .

Etc.

West is good mimic. He sounds very much like an angry postmodern intellectual. Someone with his talent and brass might well find a secure place somewhere in academia these days. But the uncomfortable question is this: What if West were white or Asian? Would he be a University Professor at Harvard? A similar question can be asked about the rest of the "dream team." Henry Louis Gates Jr., for example, is an industrious and thoroughly mediocre scholar. What if he were white or Asian? Would he be fought over by universities across the country, his every publication showered with awards? Would he have been tapped to deliver this year's Jefferson Lecture, the "federal government's highest individual honor for scholars in the humanities"? (Past Jefferson lecturers include Cleanth Brooks, Bernard Knox, Stephen Toulmin, and Leszek Kolakowski.) To ask such questions is to answer them.

The institution of Afro-American Studies is a politically motivated con game. It is not about scholarship, it is about the politics of racial redress, on one side, and misplaced liberal guilt and cowardice on the other. There are plenty of black intellectuals—genuine ones—who understand full well what G. K. Chesterton meant when he spoke of "the false theory of progress, which maintains that we alter the test instead of trying to pass the test." But partisans of Afro-American Studies are terrified of telling the truth, and retreat to intimidation and activist grandstanding.

I am no zoologist, but I like to keep a copy of Ralph Buchsbaum's classic *Animals Without Backbones* handy just for its title. Larry Summers might want to pick up a copy. In the meantime, contemplating Harvard's shield, emblazoned with the word "Veritas," I finally understand why it is crimson. Hypocrisy and cowardice inevitably beget shame. **NR**

■ **PSYCHOLOGY** ■

Just Your Average Shoe-Bomber

'Not a bad lad,' and how not to be had

THEODORE DALRYMPLE

SHORTLY after the identity of the would-be shoe-bomber of the Paris-to-Miami flight was revealed, a British newspaper traced and interviewed his father. Speaking of his son, Richard Reid, Mr. Reid Sr. said, "He's not a bad lad. I can't imagine him doing anything like this without being involved with somebody else."

Not a bad lad! One rubs one's eyes in disbelief. Here's a young man who in his early youth devotes himself to attacking and robbing people in the street (the kind of crime that in our brave new Britain is invariably described as "petty," though it means that no elderly person in the land feels safe ever to walk in the streets), and then gives up only to devote himself to murdering 197 strangers at random: yet he's not a bad lad.

Actually, "he's not a bad lad" is now a stock phrase of British parents when asked to comment on the appalling conduct of their offspring. Not long ago, for example, it was reported that a youth aged 14 had been caught by the police for about the 250th time while committing a crime, terrorizing the entire district in which he lived: but he, too, in the opinion of his mother, was "not a bad lad, really."

This phrase reveals the deep sentimentality that pervades modern life and thought. The goodness of a person has no connection with how he conducts himself: for each of us carries within him a Platonic essence (more real than any illusory phenomena such as behavior) that is, by definition, good. It follows that each person has an inalienable right to be considered good, however he behaves. We shall all be judged and found perfect.

Virtue is thus not a discipline that improves our conduct and controls our baser impulses: It is a permanent and unalterable state of being, acquired at birth. And the "real him" is to the parent of the criminal what the "real me" is to the criminal himself.

The person who commits a terrible crime believes that it does not alter his essence as a good person, however many times he repeats the crime. Thus I have heard men claiming not to be violent who have stabbed, beaten, and shot many people over many years. A man who beats women (usually from motives of jealousy) over ten or twenty years says, with every appearance of sincerity, "It's not me, doctor, I'm just not like that."

"If it's not you," I ask, "then who is it?"

The disavowed conduct is conceived of as something alien, as an invader, almost as possession by a spirit. The act exists independently of the actor.

There is more. The phrase "he's not a bad lad" indicates a deep impoverishment of our moral vocabulary, and what cannot be said cannot be thought. The opposite of not being a bad lad, of course, is being a bad lad: but in our modern parlance, being a bad lad means indulging in pranks that go a bit too far, perhaps, but that arise from an understandable excess of youthful energy and spirits. A bad lad will eventually grow out of it and become more responsible: We shouldn't work ourselves up too much over his youthful indiscretions, therefore, and indeed to do so is to show ourselves defective in humor, understanding, and human warmth.

Thus the very use of the term "bad lad" precludes the consideration of any act as evil, as being beyond the pale, as being humanly unforgivable. There is no true darkness in the world of bad lads, only light that is slightly less bright: and if Mrs. Schicklgruber were a modern Briton, she would no doubt say of her Adolf that he wasn't a bad lad really, if looked at in the right way.

As for the senior Mr. Reid's incapacity

Mr. Dalrymple is a physician and psychiatrist who works in a British prison. He is also a contributing editor of *City Journal*. The most recent of his books is *Life at the Bottom*, a collection of essays based on his prison work.

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to imagine his son's acting on his own, from decisions he had made by his own unaided though decidedly flawed ratiocination, we now enter the realm of the easily led. The quality of being easily led is conceived, both by him who claims to have it and by him who ascribes it to others, as being something akin to eye color or to height. It is a natural quality over which the possessor has no control.

When I ask a habitual car thief or burglar how and why he started on his career, as often as not he replies, "I was easily led." It was not his decision, therefore, to become a thief: It was others who spotted his weakness (as a boxer attacks the side of his opponent whose eye has closed by swelling) and got him into it.

"And were you easily led to learn algebra or the subjunctives of French verbs?" I ask. "Could I now easily persuade you to take up the study of grammar or mathematics?"

Invariably, the question causes the car thief or the burglar to laugh. It is as though he has been detected playing an elaborate practical joke: It is, in the words of old-style British criminals, "a fair cop, guv."

"So it is not true that you're easily led," I say. "What is true is that you are attracted by all that you shouldn't do and repelled by all that you should."

When similarly I ask working-class heroin addicts why they started to take heroin, they most likely reply, "I got in with the wrong crowd"—just as Richard Reid, according to his father, "got mixed up with a bunch of Islamic fundamentalists."

Shoe-bomber Richard Reid by Roman Genn

"Is it not odd," I ask them, "that, while I meet many people who got in with the wrong crowd, I seem never to meet any of the wrong crowd itself? How do you explain this?"

Again they laugh. They recognize at once the significance of the question: that everything that they have told others, and more importantly themselves, about the root of their conduct is a lie. And oddly enough, my relations with them improve enormously afterwards. It is as though they no longer have to expend any energy on maintaining a mask, and we can talk together like normal human beings.

As it happens, Mr. Reid Sr. was a criminal who—like his son—later converted to Islam: because, he said, "I was fed up with racial discrimination." (The elder Reid is of Jamaican origin.) But leaving aside Islam's own immemorial tradition of African slavery, there was something

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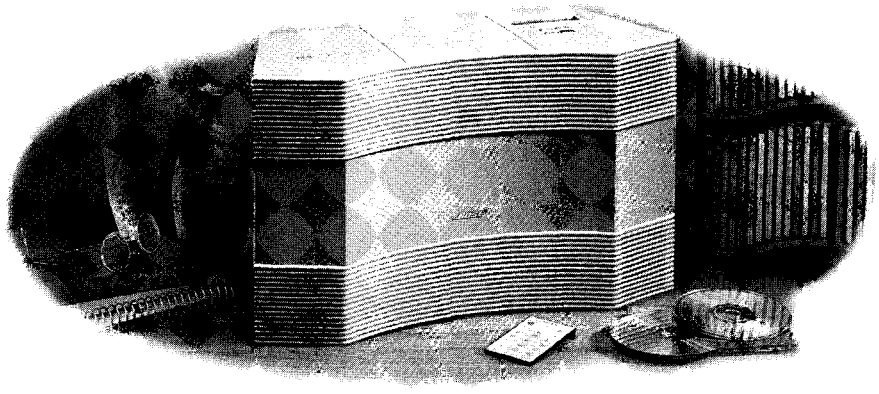

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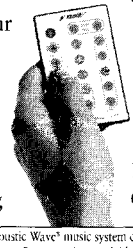

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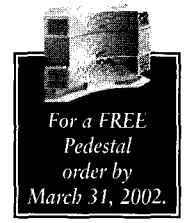

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deeply self-serving about the father's explanation of his conversion. Here he describes his relations—or lack of them—with his son: "My son didn't see his dad a lot of years because his dad was in prison a lot of the time." Eighteen years, to be precise.

It goes without saying that in these lenient times, you have to have done really rather a lot to serve 18 years in prison: and when one takes into account the fact that most prisoners will readily admit to me in private that they have done many times more than they have ever been accused of, it is clear that Reid Sr. was almost certainly far more sinning than sinned against.

But his curious use of the locution "his dad," in place of the more natural first-person singular pronoun, is clearly an attempt to put a distance between him (the real him, that is) and his evidently numerous crimes. The equally obvious fact is that he deserved far worse from his society than he ever received: and it is certainly lucky for him, as for many others like him, that there is no justice in this world.

This being the case, his conversion to Islam was an act of profound dishonesty, insofar as it was a protest against the society in which he lived (and the father certainly never mentioned the truth of the doctrine of Islam as a reason for his conversion). And what was true of his own conversion was just as true of his son's.

The idea of the son as weak-minded, as helpless putty in the hands of the fanatics, is preposterous. Richard Reid apparently learned Arabic sufficiently well to correspond in that language: not the accomplishment of a weak-minded man bordering on the mentally deficient, who is incapable of exercising choice. Of course, no parent likes to think of his offspring as wicked or evil, but if we were to accept the special pleading of every fond parent, the world would soon be emptied of all its moral categories except that of fundamental goodness.

Needless to say, we have all committed wrongful acts, and no doubt have also made excuses for ourselves. But we should be extremely wary of turning our excuses into an ideology. The case of the Reids illustrates the profundity of Pascal's words: "Let us, therefore, strive to think clearly: for such is the principle of morality." **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH** ■

Bush vs. Brush

The zen of the president's pastime

DAVE SHIFLETT

LONG AGO, a wise woman suggested to me that instead of asking a person what he does—the standard opening line in Washington—one could gain deeper insight into character and temperament by asking, "What do you like to do?" That sounded like a good idea, and let it be noted that, when I tried it, the question elicited some odd looks and heel-turning, as if some type of classified information were being sought. All of which suggests my adviser was on to something.

With this in mind, we turn our attention to the president, whose favorite leisure activity seems to be clearing brush at his Crawford, Texas, ranch. What does this tell us about the man once derided as "Shrub" by the Texas left-wing wiseacre Molly Ivins? A great deal, perhaps.

For one thing, clearing brush is not the sort of thing the president's father was fond of. The elder Bush was devoted to tennis and golf—and pitching the odd turnip on a head of state—which is what one would expect of a New England patrician. He also did a spot of fishing and horseshoe-tossing, perhaps to convince us he was a regular guy, but any brush-clearing at his estate was left to the help, who perhaps undertook the activity in aprons and bowlers. That disconnect from common tasks was another manifestation of the first Bush's isolation from common folk and common concerns, which in turn made him susceptible to ruinous policies advocated by similarly insulated elitists. Raising taxes comes to mind. Connecticut Bush's demise was sealed on the pruning fields of Kennebunkport.

The current president, by contrast, is a different man. Unlike his father, he truly is of Texas, and in Texas guys clear brush, along with riding the fence lines in search of broken wire and shooting the lurking coyotes that lust after spring calves. The swinging of the ax and the singing of the chainsaw delight this type of soul, and this is exactly the kind of disposition one would hope for in a wartime president.

First and foremost, clearing brush is an aggressive act. "Do I dare disturb the universe?" asked poor Prufrock, patron saint of the Sensitive Man. "Let me get my saw and show you how," is the brush-clearer's response.

This is no small matter. It should be remembered that in some quarters chopping down a tree or torching a briar patch is considered an act of sin. To give the tree-huggers their due, this is not an entirely unreasonable perspective. Trees are not merely big plants. Trees are great creatures that send their searching branches toward the sun, offer us their shade and beauty, and also serve as a home to a wide variety of other creatures. One should not take their presence lightly. Taking a different view was

The Ax-Swinger by Roman Genn

Mr. Shiflett is a writer living in Midlothian, Va., and co-author of the recently published *Christianity on Trial: Arguments Against Anti-Religious Bigotry* (Encounter Books).

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William Faulkner, who once said that trees are our enemy, presumably because they block a full view of the sky and thus keep our minds earthbound. Bill may have been drunk the day of that interview, but he, too, makes a reasonable point.

As a student of man and nature, George W. is no doubt aware of all these arguments. He knows how long it takes a tree to rise from the rough Texas soil. He knows its struggle to survive against fierce winds and deadly droughts, and how it has resisted the insect hordes and perhaps a fire or two. He also knows that trees serve as perches for hawks and owls, and also as vantage points from which adventuresome children first come to understand the vastness of the world around them. He also knows that without his intervention a targeted tree might stand long after he has trekked toward Nirvana.

Nonetheless, the president sizes up the situation and says, "You're mine, sucker." Not only that, he will probably saw up the victim's body and feed the pieces into a fire, smiling as the flames dance before him. This is the sort of fellow you want in your corner not only in wartime, but when it comes time to stand up against tax hikers. Whereas Connecticut Bush couched his no-tax pledge in sit-com language—"Read my lips"—Texas Bush says taxes will be raised "over my dead body." The latter is brush-clearer's language, and is no doubt widely respected in the Arab street as well as in Washington's corridors of power.

The fact that this president is a brush-clearer comes as no surprise to some observers. Camille Paglia observed early on that there is something refreshingly brutish about the president's bearing. In the same vein, Peggy Noonan has observed that the 9/11 attacks brought tough guys back to center stage: "A certain style of manliness is once again being honored and celebrated in our country since Sept. 11. . . . I am speaking of masculine men, men who push things and pull things and haul things and build things, men who charge up the stairs in a hundred pounds of gear and tell everyone else where to go to be safe. Men who are welders, who do construction, men who are cops and firemen." Some may take this passage as an attack on fellows who make their living punching keyboards or cooking books. But La Noonan is correct.

One would have a hard time imagining Bill Clinton clearing brush, and not only because he owned no property until very recently. Clinton was not the type to undertake activities that might leave calluses on his hands (or at least none that bear mentioning). He may have cleared out the executive mansion on his way out the door but has probably never, as an adult, mowed a lawn or raked a leaf, much less razed a briar patch.

Clinton was infatuated with golf, and, as Byron York famously and exhaustively documented for *The American Spectator*, he was as true to his score as he was to his wife. To no great surprise, his military endeavors reflected his recreational

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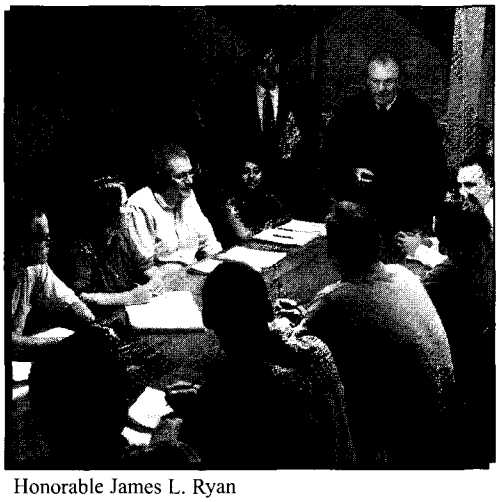

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slovenliness: firing missiles at tents and, according to recent news stories, passing up three opportunities to grab Osama bin Laden. Work and play are closely connected: If you're a slacker on the playing field, you're probably a slacker in the office. Clinton proved this point to a harrowing degree.

By contrast, Ronald Reagan was also a brush-clearer, and one notes that he and the current president have much in common. Both have been accused of having somewhat dim intellects, especially by those whose beliefs find little popular footing. Both presidents have embraced roughly the same economic and social policies—policies that put them at odds with much of official Washington. Such ideas are nourished in solitary contemplation, and brush-clearing is a highly solitary activity. The press is not invited along. The spouse is likely to take a pass. The kids stay behind as well, perhaps doctoring the DOB on their driver's licenses. Like many other physical activities, brush-clearing is also deeply calming. The regular swinging of an ax, like fly-casting, has a karmic effect similar to sipping Budweiser.

As it happens, both Bush and Reagan have been noted for a sense of calm—at least until someone ticked them off. Then they unleashed all manner of hell. The hand that swings the ax, it seems, fits nicely on the tiller of the ship of state. If bin Laden ever goes to trial and is convicted, perhaps the president should be given the honor of chopping off his head. **NR**

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■ **CULTURE WATCH II** ■

'Ali! Ali!'

How they interpret the champ

JONAH GOLDBERG

In the 1962 film *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, a newspaper editor learns the real story of Ransom Stoddard, a fictional western hero who has built an admirable career as a statesman on his reputation for killing a notorious scoundrel. It turns out Stoddard didn't shoot the villain after all. At the end of the film, the newsman is asked if he'll run the story that would topple Stoddard as an icon. His now-famous reply: "No, sir! This is the West, sir. When the legend becomes fact, print the legend." The film's director, John Ford, later explained to Peter Bogdanovich: "We've had a lot of people who were supposed to be great heroes, and you know damn well they weren't. But it's good for the country to have heroes to look up to."

Michael Mann, the director of the new film *Ali*, might offer a similar justification for his sweepingly whitewashed biography of Muhammad Ali. In today's America, Ali may be the most revered figure not actually mentioned in the Bible. *Sports Illustrated* named him Sportsman of the Century; *New Yorker* editor David Remnick's biography dubbed him "King of the World"; Jamie Foxx, a co-star of the film, recently told the *Boston Globe*—without irony—that the former heavyweight champ was "Moses."

Don't roll your eyes. The quantity and quality of superlatives for the man born Cassius Clay leaves the cupboard bare of even the most top-shelf adjectives. He has been called the "ghetto messiah" and the "black Abraham," and compared not unfavorably to Jesus. Norman Mailer, George Plimpton, Bryant Gumbel, and Joyce Carol Oates constitute a meager fraction of the list of tony Ali acolytes and voluptuaries. And there is no aspect of racial progress and self-esteem that has not been attributed to him by some public intellectual. "What cannot be underestimated is the effect he had on black America," Spike Lee explained in an HBO interview. "He was a shining prince, he was like God. That's the way we saw him. A lot of people still see him that way."

Gerald Early, editor of *The Muhammad Ali Reader*, worries that Ali "may become absolutely overesteemed by the society in which he lives." The problem with such overesteem, Early says, is that it runs the risk that Ali's true significance will be "misunderstood," and that he will end up "being diminished as both a public figure and a black man." In other words, people think he's so wonderful they might not grasp how great he is.

■

His celebrity has become so benignly universal, he's not even controversial anymore.

■

But Early has a point: Ali's celebrity has become so benignly universal, he's not even controversial anymore. Mann's film is perhaps the best illustration of this evolution. Mann seems to be looking through the wrong end of a telescope, taking the popular image of Ali today and projecting it backward in time to create, in many ways, the diminished Ali that Gerald Early worries about. Mann's Ali is a quiet, almost taciturn man whose only true passion is for his own personal freedom. He takes orders from nobody—not the U.S. government, not Elijah Muhammad, not his wives, not the boxing establishment. This flies in the face of what we know about Ali. Elijah Muhammad famously instructed his son (and Ali's manager) Herbert: "Don't leave his side. He'll listen to the last person who has his ear."

This impressionability is just one of Ali's traits glossed over in the film; Mann has filed down all of Ali's razor-sharp edges to the bluntness of a boxing glove. In real life, Ali was often a vicious and cruel man, in and out of the ring.

Mr. Goldberg is editor of National Review Online (www.nationalreview.com).

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The film cleans up his notorious brutalization of Ernie Terrell, portraying it as little more than a locker-room dust-up; the real-life Terrell insists that his injured retina and the fractured bone under his left eye were the result of Ali's deliberately driving his thumb into Terrell's eye socket three times.

Mann's rendition of Ali's relationship with the Nation of Islam and Malcolm X is also cast in the soft hues of a *People* magazine profile. Nowhere do we hear Malcolm or Ali refer to "white devils," nor are we told about Ali's view (expressed to *Playboy*) that "a black man should be killed if he's messing with a white woman." (When asked about black women dating white men: "Then she dies. Kill her, too.") Mobutu Sese Seko, the deceased dictator of the former Zaire, is also whitewashed: There's no mention of the fact that the stadium where the famous "Rumble in the Jungle" took place was also the killing field for, among many other victims, all of the thieves and pickpockets Mobutu had rounded up to make sure the event went smoothly for the white tourists.

Mann's decision to ignore the controversies was not made casually. The original script covered Ali's entire life; Mann pared it down to the relatively brief period between the first Liston fight (1964) and the Rumble in the Jungle (1974), and narrowed its focus to a single issue: personal liberty. Ali constantly declares, "I ain't gonna be the kind of champ you want me to be." What makes Ali a hero in American culture today is the idea that he refused to adhere to anyone's expectations; like the editor in *Liberty Valance*, Mann decides to print this legend rather than tell the real story. In reality, Ali was, for much of his professional career, a vicious, race-baiting, scripted, womanizing, charismatic puppet of money-grubbing cultists and radical-chic leftists; Ali has grown dramatically and admirably since those days, but such a redemption story would be unacceptable, because it would be an explicit rebuke of the man as he was.

That Mann felt compelled to make a movie that both cultural hawks and doves could love shows how fundamentally the culture has changed. In 1962, Sonny Liston won the title from Floyd Patterson. As many commentators have noted, Liston and Patterson represented the two paradigms of black manhood at the onset of the 1960s: Liston was a Mike Tyson-style thug, a convict and pawn of the Mob; Patterson was a devout Christian and backer of the NAACP. Ali would later beat both men in the ring, and ridicule them as Uncle Toms or worse, as he did virtually all of his opponents.

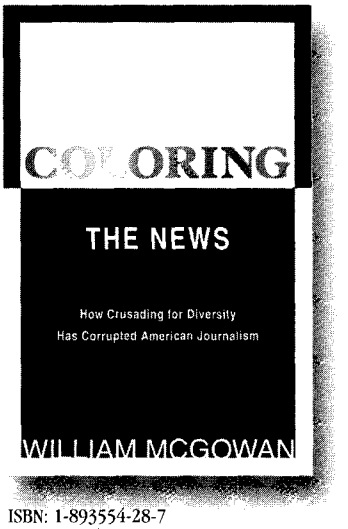
His brashness made him a new role model for black manhood, and the force of his example also changed the way Americans (white and black) defined a sports hero. The old baseball or World War II model of men fighting for a communal good—defined by the team or the nation—was replaced by radical individualism. "I ain't gonna be the kind of champion you want me to be!" One need only listen to many of the leading athletes of the last decade to see how ingrained this thinking has become.

Whether or not you see Ali as a hero depends largely on how much you agree with the direction the culture has taken in the last 30 years, or upon which Ali you admire (the race-baiter of back then or the putative healer of today). But it would be ludicrous to deny that Ali was a great man, as one can reasonably argue that he profoundly changed the times he lived in. Why else would Mann decide to print the legend? **NR**

Coloring the News

How Crusading for Diversity Has Corrupted American Journalism

by William McGowan



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Profiles in Cowardice

How to deal with the terrorist threat—and how not to

RICHARD LOWRY

In late September, M. Ahsan Baig was kept off United Flight 288 from San Francisco to Philadelphia because the pilot didn't like the way he seemed to be furtively talking to another passenger in the waiting area. Baig, a California computer specialist who is from Pakistan, got on another flight 90 minutes later after apologies from a ticket agent. An hour-and-a-half delay, for many fliers, might be considered a *good* day at the airport. For Baig, it was the occasion for a civil-rights lawsuit.

So it goes at the nation's airports. An Arab-American Secret Service agent's recent difficulty boarding a flight with his gun has become a national scandal. Meanwhile, discrimination lawsuits filed by Arab-American men have become the latest cause of aspiring Erin Brockoviches. September 11 may have changed the world, but grievance politics is one corner of it that has been serenely untouched. Arab-American groups still scream at any suggestion of commonsense security at airports, while the Bush administration still cowers at any association with "racial profiling." It has become clear in recent weeks that the pieties of American racial politics will remain unchanged—even after contributing to a mass murder.

No one likes to say it out loud, but more than half the people on the FBI's Most Wanted terrorist list are named Mohammed, Ahmed, or both (for instance, Ahmed Mohammed Hamed Ali). Islamic terrorists will necessarily be Muslims, and probably from the Arab world. Not to profile for those characteristics is simply to ignore the nature of today's terrorism. As security expert Neil Livingstone points out, when the Black Panthers were hijacking planes in the 1970s, security personnel should have been on the lookout for young black men; when D. B. Cooper—the famed skyjacker who parachuted out of a plane with a bagful of cash in 1971—was on the public mind, security should have been suspicious of young-to-middle-aged white men booked to fly over rugged terrain.

Profiling of a sort has been an official practice of the nation's airlines for years. In 1994, Northwest began to develop a computer-assisted passenger pre-screening system (CAPPS) to single out high-threat passengers. After the TWA Flight 800 disaster in July 1996, the Clinton administration convened an Al Gore-led commission to study aviation security. This commission recommended that the Northwest system be adopted by the airline industry generally. But, under pressure from Arab-American and civil-liberties groups, it insisted that profiling not rely "on material of a constitutionally suspect nature—e.g., race, religion, or national origin of U.S. citizens." The profiles instead would use factors such as whether someone had bought a one-way ticket or paid cash for it.

Even this prompted howls of outrage. After the commission issued its final recommendations in 1997, a dozen Arab-American and civil-liberties groups sent a letter to Gore warning that "the risks to privacy are enormous" and reminding him that "passengers check their luggage, not their constitutional rights." The ACLU even complained that CAPPS might be biased against poor people, since they may not have credit cards. The Gore commission had gone out of its way to address such concerns: It had convened a group of civil-liberties experts to worry officially about the dangers of profiling in an appendix to its report. "Efforts should be made," the group advised, "to avoid using characteristics that impose a disproportionate burden of inconvenience, embarrassment, or invasion of privacy on members of minority racial, religious, or ethnic groups."

Efforts to avoid embarrassment were indeed vigorous. And this is why there was eventually some Arab-American support for CAPPS. The Justice Department examined CAPPS in 1997 for evidence of racism, and found none, although it recommended that the FAA require airlines to take steps to keep profiling from becoming discriminatory or insensitive. The FAA obliged, focusing on preventing personal searches that might make flagged passengers feel uncomfortable. "Manual screening has been criticized by persons who perceived it as discriminating against citizens on the basis of race, color, national or ethnic origin and gender," warned the FAA.

No one flagged by CAPPS, therefore, would be searched on their persons, so they wouldn't even know they had been profiled. Instead, their checked luggage might be screened for bombs, and attempts might be made to ensure they actually boarded the plane on which they checked their bags (the pre–September 11 assumption was that no terrorist would get on the same plane as a bomb). The feds had hit on a perfect policy: sensitive, hands-free profiling! This politically correct system had its intended politically correct result: According to the Council on American-Islamic Relations, profiling complaints dropped from 27 when CAPPS first came online in 1997, to two in 1999, and finally none in 2000.

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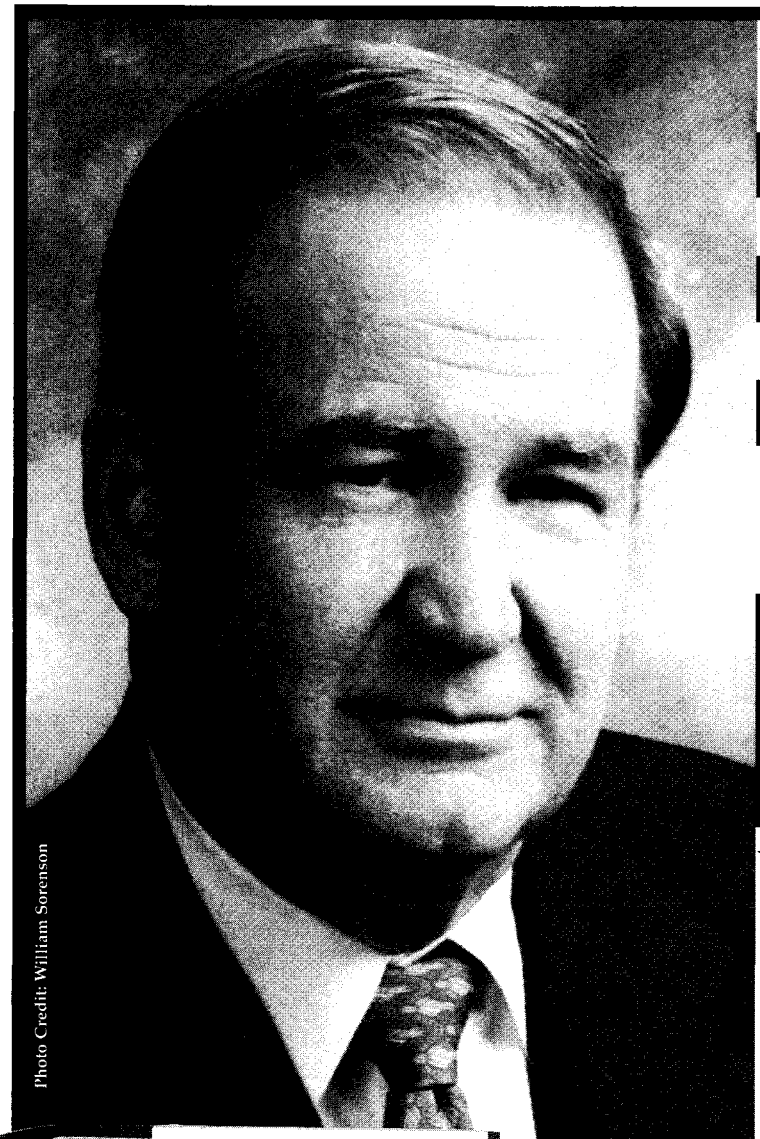

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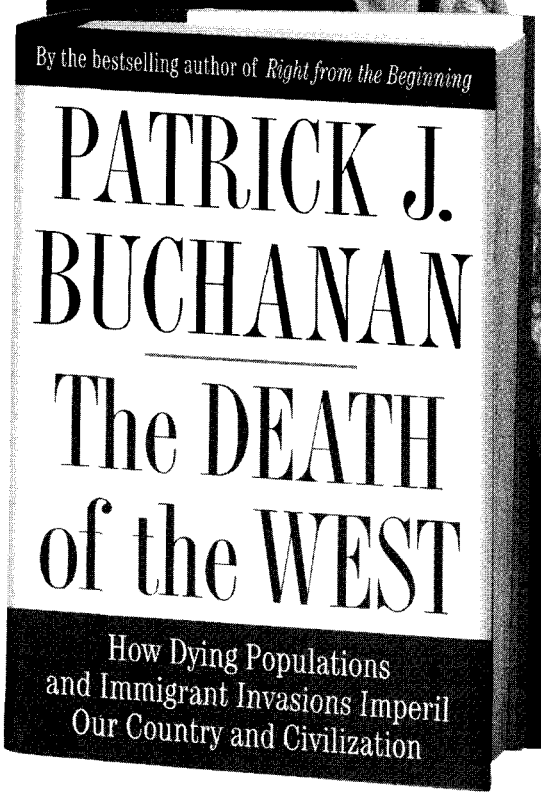
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'YOUR FLIGHT IS NOW BOARDING'

CAPPS, then, had served its political function. Its security function was another matter. Not all terrorists are idiots, so they might attempt to avoid the behavior that triggers the profiling system. For example, they can buy round-trip tickets and use credit—thus easily slipping by two of the CAPPS criteria. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, CAPPS managed to flag two of the September 11 hijackers, Nawaf Alhazmi and Khalid Al-Midhar, who commandeered Flight 77, the Pentagon plane. They had reserved their tickets by credit card, but paid in cash. While their checked bags were supposedly more carefully checked, neither of them was searched or questioned at the airport—lest, presumably, they complain to the Council on American-Islamic Relations.

■

On the issue of profiling, transportation secretary Norman Mineta's ignorance appears to be nearly invincible.

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And so, they went on their way. If ethnicity and national origin were among the CAPPS criteria, all of the September 11 hijackers probably would have been flagged. And, as the Manhattan Institute's Heather Mac Donald has pointed out, if personal searches and questioning had been routine, a bizarre pattern might have become clear—why so many Arabs in first class? why so many box cutters?—and the whole plot come undone. Other countries have had exactly this experience. In a famous 1986 case, a pregnant woman booked on an El Al flight from Heathrow to Tel Aviv was pulled aside (pregnant women don't usually travel alone). After questioning, it was discovered that, unbeknownst to her, her Jordanian boyfriend had planted a bomb in her carry-on bag that would have killed all 375 people on her flight. It is inarguable that sensitivity about profiling in the U.S. made the September 11 hijackers' job easier.

Their plot would have simply been a non-starter in Israel. There, passengers are divided into three categories: Israelis and foreign Jews, non-Jewish foreigners, and anyone with an Arab name. Those in the third category get lots of special attention, including being taken to a special room for baggage and body checks. Arab passengers can be interrogated up to three different times. The philosophy is to concentrate resources on the more likely threats, and not waste them on low-risk passengers. As one former Israeli security official told the Associated Press, if everyone got the most vigorous treatment, the planes would never get off the ground.

But the Israeli system requires a tough-mindedness that is in short supply in the U.S. On the issue of profiling, transportation secretary Norman Mineta's ignorance appears to be nearly invincible. Mineta's Japanese-American family was interned during World War II. He implies at every opportunity that by standing in the way of ethnic profiling, he is preventing a similar enormity today. "A very basic foundation to all of our work," he says, "is to make sure that racial profiling is not part of it." Asked on *60 Minutes* if a 70-year-old white woman from Vero Beach should receive the same level of scrutiny as a Muslim from Jersey City, Mineta said, "Basically, I would hope so."

Mineta pulls no rhetorical punches: "Surrendering to actions of hate and discrimination makes us no different than the despicable terrorists who rained such hatred on our people." Since Mineta thinks "discrimination" includes ethnic profiling, this must be one of the laziest statements of post–September 11 moral equivalence this side of Susan Sontag. The airlines are only too happy to play along. A September 21 memo to Delta employees from CEO Fred Reid has the subject line "Tolerance," and disavows ethnic profiling in the strongest possible terms: "We cannot afford to follow this tragic behavior. It is exactly what our enemies are striving for: the end of our open, diverse, and tolerant way of life."

If you believe the feds, the airlines have a legal obligation to ape the federal line. In memos sent to the airlines after September 11, the Transportation Department has constantly claimed that the law forbids profiling on the basis of ethnicity or national origin: "Various federal statutes prohibit air carriers from subjecting a person in air transportation to discrimination on the basis of race, color, national origin, religion, sex, or ancestry." I called a spokesman at Transportation to confirm that the department meant to suggest that ethnic profiling constituted illegal discrimination. He was adamant that this was so.

But this is, at best, a misreading of the law. Discrimination in public conveyances has been outlawed for a long time, but that was meant to forbid things like forcing blacks to ride on the back of the bus. The circumstances of airline security are, of course, entirely different. Profiling at airports would not be classic New Jersey Turnpike "racial profiling," where police mark out a whole class of people as more likely than average to be transporting drugs, and then stop large numbers of them. Airport profiling would respond to a specific threat to commit a specific crime (more suicide hijackings) made by a specific group (the Islamic terrorists of al-Qaeda). It would be less analogous to New Jersey, then, than to a recent case in Oneonta, N.Y. The courts endorsed the right of police there to stop and examine almost every black man in that small town after an elderly woman said she had been attacked by a black assailant whose hand was cut in their scuffle.

So, the airlines and the federal government are not legally required but instead are freely choosing to collaborate in a system that no one considers secure, while creating the maximum inconvenience and delays. It's a system that features the false egalitarianism of the anti-profilers. One of the recommendations of the Gore commission's in-house anti-profiling panel was that "the procedures applied to those who fit the profile should also be applied on a random basis to some percentage of passengers who do not fit the profile." This idea has been adopted on a massive scale, which accounts for much of the absurdity of flying today: ditzy celebrities, children, and older women subjected to the same excruciating security as a 25-year-old man just arrived from Riyadh.

There are many problems with this. The first is one of justice. It burdens people whom we have absolutely no reason to believe have any chance of being terrorists, just to create an appearance at airports that will make young male Arabs feel better. The second is that the time and resources spent getting the proverbial Vero Beach 70-year-old to take off her white sneakers could be better spent searching and questioning a pas-

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senger who has a higher chance of being a terrorist. Finally, there is the matter of economics.

Long lines make people marginally less likely to fly, which pushes airlines that much closer to bankruptcy. The only way to reduce lines in the current system would be to add more security checkpoints. But that's not easy. It means hiring more screeners, when it is difficult to have enough competent ones to fill the current slots; it means spending more money, when airlines are already bleeding; and it bumps up against a physical constraint at many airports, which may not have more room for screening checkpoints. The same problem applies to examining checked luggage—there is so much of it and so few machines that doing all of it well and quickly will be impractical for years.

THE WAY TO GO

It obviously makes sense to find ways to whittle down the security load. The answer is to separate out passengers according to the threat they represent, probably into three groups. One would be members of an enhanced frequent-flyer program, with travelers voluntarily undergoing a background check and getting a fool-proof biometric ID card in return for fewer security hassles. (The airport in Amsterdam already has such a program, which includes an eye scan.) Arab-American travelers could opt into such a program, and never again worry about being profiled. Then, there would be the unwashed masses, who would get more routine security treatment. The last category would be passengers profiled as potential risks, who could get a version of the full-bore Israeli scrutiny.

This would make everyone involved very uncomfortable, especially, of course, the targeted passengers. Almost all of them would be clean. The extra burden on young male Arab-Americans and Arab immigrants—the extra pat-down, the searching questions—would be very unfair in a cosmic sense, but an acceptable social cost given the stakes involved in preventing further attacks.

The fact that no one is systemically profiled on the basis of ethnicity and national origin now contributes to the nervousness of pilots, passengers, and security personnel who don't trust the current system and attempt to do amateur profiling on their own. A sophisticated computerized system would reduce the need for individual judgments after a passenger has already passed security checkpoints. But a pilot should still have the right to refuse a passenger, a privilege that goes back to old maritime law. It was this prerogative that was in play in the American Airlines/Secret Service agent case, as the pilot balked at carrying an agitated armed man whose paperwork wasn't properly filled out.

American, to its credit, has stood by the pilot, all the while insisting that the airline would never ethnically profile. But if the pilot hadn't noticed that the angry guy trying to board his plane with a gun looked like all of the September 11 terrorists, he would have been a fool. The Left talks often of "diversity," but is unwilling to acknowledge that the world's variousness might mean that certain ethnic groups are more likely to be terrorists than others. Willfully ignoring this fact contributed to September 11. Continuing to do so would heap criminal folly on top of willful recklessness. In a famous 1949 case, Justice Robert Jackson said that the Constitution is not "a suicide pact." Indeed, it isn't, but maybe our racial politics is. **NR**

Veil of Fears

Why they veil; why we should leave it alone

STANLEY KURTZ

LAST month's dramatic pictures of Afghan women shyly peeking out from beneath freshly lifted veils set off a torrent of commentary on the meaning and aims of the war. Although Afghanistan's new rulers quickly abolished the Taliban's draconian codes of womanly conduct, some Americans called for a government-imposed program of feminist reform. Feminists, like *Vagina Monologues* author Eve Ensler, even tried to spin the war as a crusade against a global "patriarchy."

Meanwhile, the mainstream press was busy detailing the horrors of the Taliban's treatment of women, focusing on the veil. "It was like being in jail," said one Afghan woman of her years under the veil. But now, proclaimed the *New York Times*, "the prisoners have been set free." In a cover story on Muslim women, *Time* magazine dubbed the Afghan burka "a body bag for the living."

But the "veil as body bag" notion is both mistaken and dangerous. There is no surer way to drive the Islamic world into the arms of the fundamentalists than to force Western feminism on a newly conquered Muslim country. It is no coincidence that the two Muslim fundamentalist regimes of our day—Iran and Afghanistan—arose in nations that had systematically attempted to root out traditional Islamic practices regarding women. (Those efforts were sponsored by the shah in Iran and the Soviets in Afghanistan.) Instead of being damned as a senseless outrage, veiling deserves a qualified defense. The practice has undoubtedly slowed the Muslim world's path to modernity, and that is a serious problem. But that difficulty would never have arisen in the first place if veiling hadn't accomplished something important. Veiling is embraced by millions of Muslim men and women as one of the keys to their way of life. They are not mistaken.

The conflict between modernity and the traditional Muslim view of women is one of the most important causes of this war. The tiresome claim of the leftist academy that poverty causes terrorism misses the point. So far from being poor, Muslim fundamentalists tend to come from a relatively wealthy modernizing class. The terrorists and their supporters are generally newly urbanized, college-educated professionals from intact families with rural backgrounds. They are a rising but frustrated cohort, shut out of power by a more entrenched and Westernized elite. True, the new fundamentalists often find themselves stymied by the weak economies of Muslim countries, but as a class they are relatively well off. Like many revolutions, the Muslim fundamentalist movement has been

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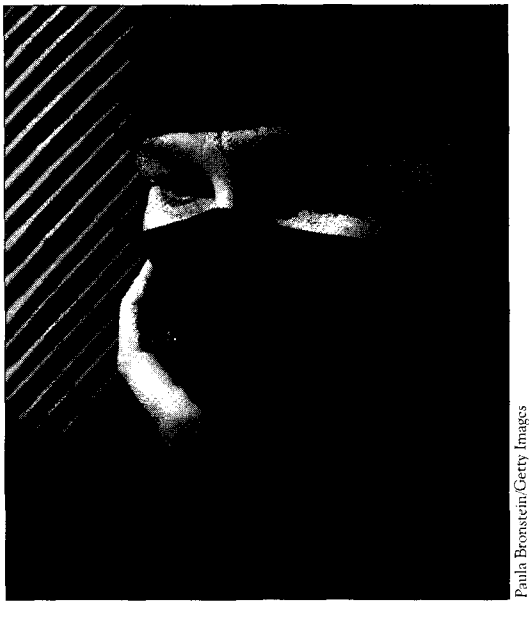
spurred by increased income, education, and expectations. But it is the clash between traditional Middle Eastern family life and modernity that has decisively pushed so many toward fundamentalism. And women are at the center of the problem.

Although the puzzle of "modernity and the Muslim woman" is one of several keys to this war, the feminist sensibility of the American press has rendered the connection between terrorism and the Islamic sexual system all but invisible. The press has been obsessed with the relatively small number of modernized women in Afghan cities who were indeed viciously oppressed by the Taliban's infamous policies. Women who had once been accustomed to Western skirts were not only forced to cover themselves entirely and forbidden to leave home without a male relative, they were banned even from making noises with their shoes as they walked through the streets of the city.

The world has justly condemned these policies, but this picture of government-imposed veiling does not accurately describe the situation of most Afghan women under the Taliban, much less the lives of the many educated women throughout the Middle East who have enlisted in the Muslim fundamentalist movement through their decision to don the veil.



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TOWN AND COUNTRY

The Taliban's code of womanly behavior was intentionally directed toward the cities. The aim was to "purify" those areas of Afghanistan that had been "corrupted" by modernization. But the Taliban never bothered to enforce its rules in traditional areas. Actually, in most Afghan villages, women rarely wear the burka. That's because villages in Afghanistan are organized into kin-oriented areas, and the veil needs wearing only when a woman is among men from outside of her kin group. A rural woman puts on a burka for travel, especially to cities. Yet just by exiting her home, a woman in a modern city inevitably mixes with men who are not her kin. That's why the Taliban prohibited the modernized women of Kabul from so much as stepping onto the street without a male relative. So the real problem with the veil in Afghanistan was the Taliban's attempt to impose the traditional system of veiling on a modernizing city. Yet, remarkable as it may seem, many modernizing urban women throughout the Middle East have freely accepted at least a portion of the Taliban's reasoning. These educated women have actually taken up the veil—and along with it, Muslim fundamentalism. To see why, it is necessary to understand what makes traditional Muslim women veil in the first place.

Life in the Muslim Middle East has long revolved around family and tribe. In fact, that's what a tribe is—your family in its most extended form. For much of Middle Eastern history, tribal networks of kin functioned as governments in miniature. In the absence of state power, it was the kin group that protected an individual from attack, secured his wealth, and performed a thousand other functions. No one could flourish whose kin group was not strong, respected, and unified.

In the modern Middle East, networks of kin are still the foundation of wealth, security, and personal happiness. That, in a sense, is the problem. As we've seen in Afghanistan, loyalty to kin and tribe cuts against the authority of the state. And the corrupt dictatorships that rule much of the Muslim Middle East often function themselves more like self-interested kin groups than as rulers who take the interests of the nation as a whole as their own. That, in turn, gives the populace little reason to turn from the proven support of kin and tribe, and trust instead in the state.

So from earliest youth, a Middle Eastern Muslim learns that his welfare and happiness are bound up in the strength and reputation of his family. If, for example, a child shows a special aptitude in school, his siblings might willingly sacrifice their personal chances for advancement simply to support his education. Yet once that child becomes a professional, his income will help to support his siblings, while his prestige will enhance their marriage prospects. The "family" to which a Muslim Middle Easterner is loyal, however, is not like our family. It is a "patrilineage"—a group of brothers and other male relatives, descended from a line of men that can ultimately be traced back to the founder of a particular tribe. Traditionally, lineage brothers will live near one another and will share the family's property. This willingness of a "band of brothers" to pool their labor and wealth is the key to the strength of the lineage.

But the centrality of men to the Muslim kinship system sets up a problem. The women who marry into a lineage pose a serious threat to the unity of the band of brothers. If a husband's tie to his wife should become more important than his solidarity with his brothers, the couple might take their share of the property and leave the larger group, thus weakening the strength of the lineage.

There is a solution to this problem, however—a solution that marks out the kinship system of the Muslim Middle East as unique in the world. In the Middle East, the preferred form of marriage is between a man and his cousin (his father's brother's daughter). Cousin marriage solves the problem of lineage solidarity. If, instead of marrying a woman from a strange lineage, a man marries his cousin, then his wife will not be an alien, but a trusted member of his own kin group. Not only will this reduce a man's likelihood of being pulled away from his brothers by his wife, a woman of the lineage is less likely to be divorced by her husband, and more likely to be protected by her own extended kin in case of a rupture in the marriage. Somewhere around a third of all marriages in the Muslim Middle East are between members of the same lineage, and in some places the figure can reach as high as 80 percent. It is this system of "patrilateral parallel cousin marriage" that ex-

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plains the persistence of veiling, even in the face of modernity.

By veiling, women are shielded from the possibility of a dishonoring premarital affair. But above all, when Muslim women veil, they are saving themselves for marriage to the men of their own kin group. In an important sense, this need to protect family honor and preserve oneself for an advantageous marriage to a man of the lineage is a key to the rise of Islamic revivalism.

COVERING UP

Most people think of the Iranian revolution of the late 1970s as the beginning of the contemporary Muslim fundamentalist movement, but it was in Egypt in the mid 1970s that modern Islamic fundamentalism really took off. The movement was started by students—men and women—at Egyptian universities who spontaneously adopted a code of Islamic decorum in mixed company. In keeping with that code, and despite government attempts to forbid it, Egyptian college women began to don the veil. The practice soon spread (and along with it, the ideology of Islamic fundamentalism) to legions of educated working women in Egypt's cities.

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In a world where satisfaction in life is predicated on the honor, strength, and unity of the kin group, the veil makes sense.

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Oddly, these willing wearers of the veil were precisely the sort of educated career women on whom the Taliban would ruthlessly force the burka. The difference was that these women, unlike those who later fell victim to the Taliban, had free access to education and modern careers. They put on the veil precisely as a way of enjoying these modern innovations—without also endangering their marriage prospects, or their family's honor, in the new, mixed-sex environment.

The last three decades have seen a tremendous increase in the number of Egyptians receiving an education. Many of these young people are fresh from villages, where the traditional marriage system is still strong. These are the grown children whose parents, uncles, brothers, and sisters sacrificed to make them into professionals. By veiling, they are fulfilling their end of the bargain; they are promising not to destroy—by a shameful affair, or by marriage to a stranger—the honor or prosperity of their families. Of course, not all Muslim women are young or waiting to marry relatives, but the preferred marriage pattern shapes a wider ethos. Some modernized office workers decide to veil only after they marry, to reduce jealousy, and protect the honor of their husbands and families.

The veil was never the nightmare American feminists make it out to be. In a world where satisfaction in life is predicated on the honor, strength, and unity of the kin group, the veil makes sense. Although the oppressive impositions of the Taliban have rightly been abolished, the United States ought not to be in the business of browbeating Muslim women out of their veils, much less reforming the Middle Eastern kinship system. Instead, we need to encourage the separation of traditional Muslim family practices from the political ideology of Islamic fundamentalism. By far the best way to do this is to roundly defeat the fundamentalists on the battlefield.

Once military and political failure has broken fundamentalism's appeal as an ideology, traditional family practices will be free to gradually adapt to modernity. Modernizing Egyptian women may still veil, but if they drop the theocratic fundamentalist baggage, that will be enough. Can we really get modernizing Muslim women who veil to drop their support for fundamentalist theocrats? It won't be easy, but nothing is more likely to produce a disastrous backlash against the United States than the conviction that an American victory will lead to a feminist-directed assault against veiling and the family. And many Muslim women in rural areas veil without being followers of the fundamentalist theocrats.

When the United States governed Japan after World War II, we forcibly reconstructed the country as a democracy, without being so foolish as to seriously challenge its traditional family or sexual system. That system has remained far more "traditional" than our own, yet today Japanese family and sex roles (for better, and for worse) are slowly changing and adapting to modernity. With luck, the pattern will someday repeat itself in the Middle East.

Muslim fundamentalists have turned on America as a convenient scapegoat for the agonies and contradictions of modernization in their own society. Yet distorted and unjust though it is, their logic contains a kernel of truth. The Western movies, television shows, and other media that now reach the Middle East tell of a world in which premarital sex and love-marriages are the norm—a world in which the extended family counts for little, and the lineage for nothing. This is what most alarms Muslim traditionalists. Western family norms may someday gain a foothold in the Middle East, but historically, family change lags behind and adapts to changes in political and economic life. So it is to the economic and political spheres that we ought to apply our pressure.

The veiling question cuts across conventional political lines. The Left, of course, is split between feminists and multiculturalists: The former camp says, "Such practices as veiling are impermissible, for anyone"; the latter camp says, "Well, this is what *they* do, and who are we to object?" But conservatives are divided as well. Conservatives are eager to spread Western values across the globe, and when it comes to democracy and the free market, they have a point. But the conservative "realist" tradition in foreign policy warns against endangering ourselves through attempts to remake the world in our image.

Burke's conservatism is the model here. Burke was a critic of the excesses of British rule in India, and he also favored American independence when few of his fellows did. Burke was never the die-hard opponent of reform he's often made out to be, but he did respect the wisdom embodied in custom. Burke believed that gradual change—from within the framework of custom—was the best policy, not only for England, but also for the nations England ruled. When it comes to veiling, Burke's policy should be our policy. **NR**

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As the World Turns

The shape of things now

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

In a Moscow radio and TV phone-in program on December 24, Vladimir Putin took a number of questions on Russian foreign policy. Asked by a concerned citizen of Latvia about the position of Russian-speakers in the Baltic states, he replied vigorously that these ethnic Russians should be given representation in all official bodies, including security agencies, in proportion to their numbers. To buttress his case, the Russian leader pointed out that NATO itself had recently insisted that Macedonia implement this same principle in behalf of its Albanian ethnic minority. What was sauce for the Albanian goose was sauce for the Baltic gander.

A number of ironies jostle for attention in this little episode. To begin with, the notion of ethnic proportionalism, though it has become popular in the West under the euphemistic name of "diversity," actually evolved from the Soviet version of democracy. Precisely because they realized that nobody was fooled by their 98.6 percent election victories, the Bolsheviks constructed a pseudo-democratic façade whereby their policies would be given a ringing democratic endorsement by "representative" committees of women, young people, workers, and ethnic minorities. Indeed, the only occasions when ethnic minorities were allowed to appear in Soviet public life at all were when they were thanking the Politburo or performing in folkloric shows for tourists. Hence Anthony Daniels's epigram: "Under Communism, all minorities dance."

It must have amused an old KGB hand like Putin to learn that these ideas, having floated across to the West to germinate, are now being re-exported—through U.S. foreign policy—to the rest of the world. During the Kosovo war, both President Clinton and British prime minister Tony Blair declared that the war was being fought for something called "the principle of multi-ethnicity." This burgeoning principle developed into the idea that the most progressive form of state is a multi-ethnic one; hence any Balkan retreat from that ideal would be a moral and political defeat for Western democratic ideals. And since the actual multi-ethnic states in the Balkans are composed of hostile and warring nations, then it became the duty of NATO to ensure that they live in multi-ethnic wedlock until they like it.

LEADERS AGAINST DEMOCRACY

What must have especially amused the Russian president is the fact that it will be neither the U.S. nor NATO that selects the minority representatives in these government posts, except in the shortest of runs. It will be, instead, United Nations institutions, like UNMIK in Kosovo; or the European Union (EU), which has gained an influential role in such post-war environments through its aid policies; or the proliferating band of political non-governmental organizations (NGOs), to which international bodies sub-contract much of the grunt work of humanitarian rule; or nascent international legal institutions, like the court adjudicating war crimes in the ex-Yugoslav republics. None of these bodies reflects traditional American concepts of democracy and liberty. Their officials and activists generally see themselves as missionaries for the alternative or "higher" versions of these concepts that the U.S. post-national Left has embraced in recent years: devaluing traditionally exclusive concepts of citizenship, promoting group cultural identities over a common national identity, and transferring power from elected representatives to courts and bureaucrats.

In short, Putin's cynical citation of the Macedonian precedent for the purposes of intervention in the Baltics was a symptom of much wider international developments. In recent years an entirely new version of internationalism has

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evolved under the general rubric of "world governance." It consists of such ideas and/or developments as the downgrading of national sovereignty as the basic principle of international life; the assumption of quasi-national authority by both sub-national groups, such as the Scottish Assembly, and supra-national institutions, such as the European Union; the spread of "new" international law, including the doctrine of universal jurisdiction (as in the Pinochet case), which is held to bind governments even without their consent; the rise of NGOs and their claim to represent "international civil society" over and against national governments; and the invention of new principles of political legitimacy, such as multi-ethnicity and ethnic proportionalism. Such ideas enjoy significant support among political elites: international lawyers, diplomats, government officials, foundation executives, and the general class of social regulators and their journalistic camp-followers.

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September 11 has opened up the possibility of restoring many traditional notions of international relations.

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Abstract though such changes may sound, they represent a real but unconsidered transfer of power from traditional states to new international bodies. Moreover, this embryonic structure of international authority is detached from any roots in democratic accountability. U.N. conferences pass resolutions about rights; activists bring suits based on the resolutions before domestic courts and, if the suits initially fail, before international ones; court decisions are then cited to overturn domestic laws; and the people suddenly wake up to discover that it is illegal for parents to chastise their children or that women soldiers who are discharged for becoming pregnant can be awarded damages as victims of sex discrimination. At no point in this lawmaking process has the voter or legislator intervened; no voter can really identify who is to blame if the new laws prove damaging; and it is not very clear how unsatisfactory legal outcomes can be amended or repealed, except by the same serpentine process. Furthermore, when governments refuse to accept the decisions that such processes produce—as the Bush administration refused to accept Kyoto—they are stigmatized as "unilateralist."

But hasn't September 11 changed all that? It certainly changed a great deal, and opened up the possibility of restoring many traditional notions of international relations. To begin with, the U.S. demonstrated a healthy intention of pursuing its national interests and its right of self-defense against the al-Qaeda terrorists. Nor has the State Department made a fetish of insisting that U.S. action be blessed by the U.N.

More good news: The firm U.S. response in Afghanistan has been endorsed by America's European allies, who offered varying degrees of military assistance—and the U.S. accepted these offers only if they came with no strings restricting American action. The Russians, too, moved smartly to join the U.S. in its war on terrorism, making clear that this is a major step toward their entry into NATO and the Western alliance—which would, in turn, make the resulting Atlantic Community the dominant influence in world politics for the foreseeable future. And the Bush administration rightly ignored the NGOs clamoring for a halt to the bombing on humanitarian grounds, and relieved the distress of the Afghan people far more effectively by removing the Taliban government that was distressing them.

LIBERTY VS. EUROPE?

If all these gains could be maintained, then it is very possible that a civilized internationalism, resting on the cooperation of sovereign nation-states—under the protection of a Western alliance led by the U.S. and including Russia—could be the outcome of the present conflict. But a number of factors militate against this. The social and political forces that were generating "world governance" before September 11—the international lawyers and bureaucrats—are still around. They are particularly strong within the EU, which—if the Kosovo war is a guide—is likely to emerge from the war on terrorism with a renewed determination to build up an independent military capability to compete with the U.S. in foreign policy. Europe's feelings about recent conflicts in which it has been successfully allied with the U.S. are ambiguous: yes, they are glad our side won or is winning, but they also feel humiliated by the revelation of how technologically backward and impotent they are in comparison with the U.S. On top of that, Europe is increasingly alienated from the U.S. by the widening gap between their political cultures: All the undemocratic and irresponsible features of "world governance" that disturb Americans (on the rare occasions that they learn about them) leave EU members feeling perfectly comfortable.

The EU, moreover, has been able to take stridently anti-American positions in recent years without apparently arousing any serious doubts within the U.S. foreign-policy establishment about the wisdom of supporting further measures of European integration such as the Rapid Reaction Force or the euro. Why should they not continue to develop as a rival superpower to the U.S. if the U.S. makes them pay no price for doing so?

Of course, if the Europeans move toward being a rival superpower, that will materially affect Russian calculations. Putin's westward drift of recent days, still controversial within the Russian elite, is based upon the estimate that a U.S.-led NATO is the most reliable provider of security for Russia against both fundamentalist Islam and Chinese expansionism. That will cease to be true if the Europeans gradually move toward a purely European security bloc. In all likelihood, the Russians would then revert to their prior policy of erecting a "Common European Home" that excludes the U.S. By degrees the West would be divided—and as that happened, the eastern half of it would generally support the ideas, attitudes, and institutions that embody the notions of world governance.

So, too, would most of the rest of the world. As the dramatic memory of September 11 faded, therefore, the U.S. would find itself under enormous international pressure, augmented by the academic and cultural Left at home, to reconcile itself to a new world order of the kind described above.

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We would return to a Clintonian world in which American power provided the muscle for multilateralist objectives under the general moral direction of the U.N. and associated NGOs. Good days would see the invasion of Haiti, bad ones a repetition of the Durban Conference on Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia, etc.

None of this is foreordained, of course. There are a number of steps that the U.S. can take to avert it: seeking to unite NAFTA and the EU in a transatlantic free-trade area; using NATO expansion to increase the number of European states sympathetic to the U.S. in Atlantic institutions; obstructing NATO cooperation with the European Rapid Reaction Force to compel the EU to pay a high price for its military ambitions; and so on. But the single most important step has to be keeping Britain within the U.S. ambit—and that means ceasing to encourage its further integration into a federal European structure. If, as a result, the federal European superstate never emerges, or is overtaken by a more complete and deeper set of Atlantic institutions, or gradually evolves into a large free-trade area with varying levels of political integration for "coalitions of the willing," no harm will have been done. If, however, Europe does go off to seek its own glorious destiny on the world stage, then the fact that Britain has remained outside will weaken the European influence—and strengthen the American—on world affairs.

It may be that this is happening in any event, at some tectonic level of cultural change. James C. Bennett argues in his forthcoming book, *The Anglosphere Challenge*, that the European and English-speaking worlds may be slowly diverging into two separate civilizations in the way that Roman Christendom and Eastern Orthodox Christianity gradually produced two different civilizations in the first millennium. The English-speaking world—led by America but also including Australia, New Zealand, the Caribbean, Ireland, and India—is essentially a civilization based upon liberty, the dispersion of power, and open debate; the European civilization is based upon order, centralized power, and the avoidance of conflict. Both have their merits; they share many cultural traits, and may join in increased economic integration in future years; but both will order their political lives in very different ways—and if history is a predictor, the freedom civilization will win the important races.

It is a marked historical irony that it is not at all clear which side Britain—the source of English-speaking civilization—would choose if the split suggested by Bennett were to occur. Tony Blair is likely to use the prestige he has gained from his strong and creditable support for the U.S. in the war on terror as a counter for getting U.S. support in his campaign for British entry into the euro—and he may get it. Yet even if the British are half-enticed, half-dragooned into a centralized European state, it is hard to believe that they will remain comfortably there for very long. Historic patterns of national behavior are very strong, and the British have been bloody-minded libertarians since the Middle Ages.

In which case it would only remain to be seen whether they would show the courage and resolve of their American cousins and in due course reclaim their independence—though, of course, against a much more oppressive tyranny than that of poor old George III. **NR**

Getting the Right Right

Liberals (and others) write conservative history

JOHN J. MILLER

WHEN Barry Goldwater spoke to the American Political Science Association two months before the 1964 election, he almost didn't have an audience: A University of Chicago professor tried to organize a boycott. It bombed, at least on that day. The doomed Republican drew a crowd and even some applause (from "a distinct minority" of his listeners, wrote a *New York Times* reporter who was there). Yet the boycott appears to have succeeded in another way: Ever since then, academics have chosen to ignore Goldwater and what he represented. Looking for a book on the New Left in the 1960s? Libraries overflow with volumes celebrating everything from the Stonewall riots to Malcolm X. Want something on modern conservatism during its formative years? Good luck. There isn't much readily available, apart from a few sneering accounts of McCarthyism.

In the historical scholarship of the recent past, conservatism is simply a black hole. This is partly because so few historians are themselves conservative. Many despise conservatism. Just as most biologists don't want to specialize in slime molds, hardly any modern historians want to spend their careers examining a subject they find so distasteful. They would much rather write about the Port Huron Statement, antiwar protesters, or the 1968 Democratic convention—in other words, the interests and activities of the Left. By turning their gaze away from the Right, however, they have succeeded in missing one of the most important developments since the end of World War II: the rise of organized conservatism as a political force in American life.

A few members of the profession have noticed this—and called for a reassessment. "American conservatism has been something of an orphan in historical scholarship," confessed Columbia University's Alan Brinkley in a 1994 essay in *The American Historical Review*. "Scholars have redefined their categories and paradigms repeatedly in recent decades to help them understand areas of the past they have previously neglected. It may be time for us to do so again."

Brinkley's essay was widely read and discussed, but it didn't spark a dramatic rethinking among liberal historians. Seven years later, conservatism remains essentially a blank space on the map. To be sure, there were a few worthwhile explorations of it during the 1990s. John A. Andrew III offered a detailed account of the Young Americans for Freedom in *The Other Side of the Sixties*, Mary C. Brennan described conservatism's ascent within the GOP in her book *Turning Right in the Sixties*, and Robert Alan Goldberg wrote *Barry Goldwater*, a fair-minded biography. Yet these titles were like oases in a desert—the exceptions that proved the rule. More common were harshly negative treatments, like those of Dan T. Carter, whose *The*

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Politics of Rage drew a straight line from George Wallace to Newt Gingrich, and David H. Bennett, whose *The Party of Fear* refused to differentiate between congressional Republicans and Timothy McVeigh. By and large, though, conservatism remained terra incognita for scholars: They just kept on ignoring it.

The last year or so, however, has seen a small wave of books written by young liberals about conservatives in the 1960s—and all of them treating their topics with a respect and seriousness rarely seen in the left-of-center writers who came before them. *The Right Moment*, by Matthew Dallek, tells the story of Ronald Reagan's first campaign for governor; *Suburban Warriors*, by Harvard's Lisa McGirr, offers a social history of grassroots conservatives in Orange County during the 1960s; *Before the Storm*, by Rick Perlstein, provides a riveting account of Goldwater's presidential bid, told in the spirit of Theodore H. White but without the distaste; *A Time for Choosing*, by Stanford's Jonathan M. Schoenwald, is an ambitious attempt to describe the intellectual and political rise of conservatism.

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It is possible to believe the conservative movement is on the verge of winning a 'strange new respect.'

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It is premature to call this sudden burst of activity the start of a trend, but it does appear to rise above mere coincidence. These writers are all in their thirties. They're also liberal: Dallek now works in the office of House minority leader Richard Gephardt, writing speeches; Perlstein met his wife through a personal ad in *The Nation*. Yet they all view conservatism not as a thing simply to loathe, but as a topic to study and even admire. It is possible to believe the conservative movement is on the verge of winning a "strange new respect" from the people who write about American political history.

There is, of course, a rich literature about conservatism written by conservatives. *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America*, by George H. Nash, is essential reading. Former Goldwater aide Lee Edwards has penned a very good biography of his old boss, as well as several other commendable books. Arthur Herman has written a welcome reassessment of Joseph McCarthy. In the last several years, the Intercollegiate Studies Institute has published a number of fine volumes on everything from Orestes Brownson to Wilhelm Röpke. Many of these books would pass the most exacting standards of professional scholarship, but they also suffer from the same handicap as "authorized" biographies: They will always be suspect because the writers and publishers are themselves conservative, and therefore liable to be perceived as advocates rather than dispassionate critics.

Conservatives should and will continue to write about themselves, but the movement also needs the unauthorized biographies and accounts, and all the credibility they provide. Many conservatives are capable of writing such books, but fair-minded liberals are probably better at it—or at least will seem so to people outside the conservative fold. It is, for example, hard to imagine that Whittaker Chambers could have a more useful biographer than Sam Tanenhaus, a *Vanity Fair* writer whose work also appears in *The New York Review of Books* and other respected publications. Tanenhaus not only approached Chambers with a detachment that many conservatives couldn't attain, he also wrote a masterful and approving book. Although not a hagiography, it commemorated Chambers well, and also reintroduced this controversial figure to an audience outside the conservative ghetto. (Tanenhaus is now at work on a biography of William F. Buckley Jr.—another fortunate arrangement.)

DECADES OF DERISION

This strange new respect might be described as an Oedipal revolt against the legacy of Richard Hofstadter, the Columbia University professor and two-time Pulitzer prize winner who was probably the most influential political historian of his day. The study of conservatism was not his main interest, but he did write several essays on conservatives and his words have had lasting influence.

Hofstadter viewed conservatives as, quite literally, unhinged. His most famous essay about the Right, from a 1963 lecture, was called "The Paranoid Style in American Politics." (It reached a wide audience when *Harper's* published it immediately prior to the 1964 election.) It diagnosed conservatives as suffering from a severe case of political paranoia, marked by "heated exaggeration, suspiciousness, and conspiratorial fantasy." (Among other things, it seems, they opposed the New Deal.) Hofstadter failed to distinguish between serious conservatives and the oddballs who orbit the fringe of any movement, and his views suffer from all the weaknesses one would expect to find when a historian starts quoting from psychology textbooks to explain the political motives of people he dislikes. Yet Hofstadter was not content merely to dismiss conservatives as demented. Instead, he placed them within an American tradition of irrational hatred that (he said) previously had manifested itself as anti-Masonism and anti-Catholicism. The firm anti-Communism of the Right was simply the latest variation on an ugly old theme: "The whore of Babylon now sits in Moscow, not Rome."

Although Hofstadter was briefly a Communist in the late 1930s, he eventually drifted into mainstream liberalism and won the animus of unreconstructed left-wingers for his criticisms of 20th-century populist movements. Yet he also drank deeply from the anti-anti-Communist brew that too many liberals tasted throughout the Cold War. Nor was he alone in rendering a clinical interpretation of conservatism: Daniel Bell and Seymour Martin Lipset (liberals who ultimately moved a bit rightward) said conservatism was the result of "status anxiety" among a displaced middle class. Conservatives, in this view, were essentially failures who couldn't keep up with the quick pace of modern life. Right-wingers expressed their grievances through a retrograde and pathological politics that was deeply out of sync with American traditions, which, they claimed, were wholly liberal.

Because of Hofstadter and his colleagues, to describe conservatives as exemplars of the "paranoid style" and victims of "status anxiety" became a popular pastime during the Goldwater days. It remains one today. The nutty conservative is a cliché of journalism. Sometimes writers cite Hofstadter directly, as Joan Didion does in her recent book *Political Fictions*, when she's try-

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ing to put down Robert Bork. Other times, they invent a new vocabulary to convey this exhausted idea. After the 1994 elections, for instance, Republican victories were ascribed to "angry white males."

The weakness of Hofstadter's description is that it's nothing more than a bald assertion: He didn't offer any real evidence to support his claims, he just stated them as indisputable facts. In *Suburban Warriors*, published last year by Princeton University Press, Lisa McGirr does the opposite: Rather than speculate on what she believes was in the minds of ordinary conservatives who supported Goldwater—the Hofstadter approach—she does something few historians have bothered to do: She goes and asks them what they were doing and why they were doing it, using the methodology of social history to unearth their stories. Her survey of Orange County conservatives in the 1960s is almost anthropological in its detail, and it is a groundbreaking work of scholarship.

In his essay on conservatism, Brinkley (who taught McGirr at Columbia) specifically recommended this sort of approach: "If historians have done nothing else in the last twenty years, they have demonstrated their ability to retrieve the experiences of people and groups whose lives and ideas are not immediately visible in mainstream politics and culture." The current generation of historians has recovered the lost voices of women in the 19th century and blacks in the segregated South—populations that earlier historians generally overlooked. The 1960s conservatives ignored by liberal historians certainly deserve to be counted among these lost voices, and McGirr treats them as such. She criticizes Hofstadter, Bell, and Lipset for their portrayals, saying "their excessively psychological interpretation distorted our understanding of American conservatism." Where they simply announced a position based on little more than their own political prejudices, McGirr offers evidence of what conservatives were really like. Her extensive research revealed that Orange County conservatives weren't disgruntled losers unable to keep pace in a changing society, but "highly educated" and "thoroughly modern" entrepreneurs and housewives. They didn't hold economic grudges, but "enjoyed the fruits of worldly success." She describes the activities of people who held informational meetings in their homes and sponsored petition drives for conservative candidates—the backbone of the conservative movement. The result is an account showing conservatives to be very different from the kooks portrayed by Hofstadter, in writings that have shaped elite opinion for decades.

THE NEXT REMNANT?

This is an important reinterpretation of conservatism, at once more sympathetic to conservatives and more consonant with the facts of history. The work of McGirr's peers has similar qualities. In the books by Dallek, Perlstein, and Schoenwald, Goldwater is anything but a crank, Reagan is a gifted politician, and their supporters are serious-minded people trying to solve real problems. These authors don't paint completely flattering portraits of conservatism—each of them faults the Right for its views on race, which is a fair criticism, though they tend to go overboard on it. And sometimes their books seem to be written with liberal aims in mind. Perlstein, for instance, concludes *Before the Storm* with a discussion of how badly liberals underestimated conservatives in the wake of the 1964 election—an analysis that tells us more about liberals than about conservatives, the main subject of his book. It's almost as if this young cohort of liberals wants to examine the success of conservatism in order to use its lessons as a blueprint for other causes. But these are minor problems.

Perhaps it was inevitable that a new generation of liberal scholars would rethink conservatism. "Younger historians want to explain the political world they know," says Brinkley. "Today's graduate students have no real memory of the 1960s, but they do remember Ronald Reagan in the 1980s and they see President Bush today." For historians whose formative years included observing the Goldwater fiasco, of course, the Right may have looked like a dead-end specialty, akin to a zoologist's concentration on the dodo.

Today, clear-eyed graduate students in American political history must see conservatism as tempting virgin territory. "I was literally looking around for a topic to write about when I came across a collection of YAF papers at the Hoover Institution," recalls Schoenwald. "I had never heard about this group before, and when I read about them I decided that I wasn't getting the full story of the 1960s." He wound up writing a Ph.D. dissertation on conservatives, and this later became the subject of his *A Time for Choosing*, published by Oxford University Press last fall.

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Today, clear-eyed graduate students in American political history must see conservatism as tempting virgin territory.

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The opportunities for more scholarship on conservatism are outstanding—and some of it is already taking place. Donald Critchlow of St. Louis University has full access to the papers of Phyllis Schlafly and is working on a biography; Wilfred McClay of the University of Tennessee-Chattanooga will probably write a much-needed book on Irving Kristol's life. But plenty remains undone. The extensive papers of Russell Kirk are almost completely untapped. There's no definitive account of how conservative think tanks transformed public policy in the 1970s and beyond. The origins of supply-side economics and the tax revolt also lack a comprehensive treatment. Even George Nash's classic book on conservative intellectuals could use an update—the story he tells essentially ends in 1975.

The truth is, however, there's not only a bias against conservatism in the academy—there's also a bias against *scholarship* on conservatism. "The funny thing is, if you write about conservatives, it's harder to get a job as a professor, but it's easier to get a book contract," says Dallek (who is the son of the historian Robert Dallek). Indeed, this was his experience. The Free Press published his book on Reagan, and now he's working outside the academy.

In the end, these liberals interested in conservatism may represent a remnant within their profession—a small enclave that won't overturn the academy's prevailing views but whose members nevertheless seek the vital truth about conservatism. Whatever the fate of this crew, conservatives, of all people, know the importance of remnants. **NR**

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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

April 17, 2002
Transcript from *Larry King Live*

LARRY KING: Dayton, Ohio, you're on with John Walker, hello.
DAYTON: Hey, Larry, hey, John.
JOHN WALKER: Salaam.
DAYTON: Yeah, um, I just want to know now that he's home and everything, if John has any regrets for what he did?
LK: What about it, John? Regrets?
JW: Oh, of course, Larry, of course. I regret that the first image people had of me was that awful . . .
LK: . . . with the scruffy hair and the whatnot . . .
JW: Right, right. And I regret that certain of my statements were construed as supportive in some way of Osama bin Laden and the buildings . . .
LK: The terrorist attacks?
JW: Right, right. Those. Right.
LK: Did you know him? Osama?
JW: Know him?
LK: Yeah.
JW: Not really, no. I didn't know him well. Just to say "hello" to, really. I mean, I kissed his hand once at an awards ceremony . . .
LK: You kissed his hand?
JW: It's a gesture over there. Like our "high five."
LK: What did the hand look like?
JW: It was a nice hand.
LK: And the smell?
JW: Well, Larry, you have to understand, this was Afghanistan. I mean, everything has a pretty strong smell. I wouldn't have wanted to kiss my own hand, let me tell you.
LK: Tomorrow, Tim Conway and Harvey Korman! Tempe, Arizona, you're on with John Walker.
TEMPE: Hi, guys.
JW: Salaam.
TEMPE: I just want to say to you, John, that you're so brave and I wish you the best.
JW: Thanks.
LK: Do you get that a lot?
JW: Not at first. But more now, with the book out and everything.
LK: The book is called "Taliban Teen: An Odyssey," and it's in stores everywhere. Thanks for being here.
JW: Thanks for having me. Salaam, everybody.

August 14, 2002
Transcript from *The O'Reilly Factor*

O'REILLY: But you did it, right? I mean, you turned your back on this country . . .
JOHN WALKER: No, I didn't.
O'R: You did! You're a traitor and a terrorist!
JW: That's not fair. I'm a . . .
O'R: What's not fair about it? What's not fair?
JW: Can I finish?
O'R: You left this country, you put on the big pajamas or whatever the heck they're called . . .
JW: Can I finish?
O'R: . . . and the little beanie thing . . .
JW: Can I finish? You ask me a question and then you don't let me finish.
O'R: . . . and you get that weird accent . . .
JW: It was a religious . . .
O'R: . . . put to death is what I'm . . .
JW: . . . in the context of the time . . .
O'R: . . . I don't know, stick something blunt-edged up there . . .
JW: . . . some mistakes, yes . . .
O'R: . . .up into the cavity . . .
JW: . . . the love of my family and God and . . .
O'R: . . . plug the other end into the wall socket . . .
JW: . . . it was an isolated place with no news media . . .
O'R: . . . and just turn on the juice. But that's just one man's opinion. Hey, listen, Mr. Walker, I don't agree with what you did, but I respect you for coming on "The Factor" and answering my questions. The book is called "The First Victim of 9/11," and it's in stores everywhere.
JW: Thanks for having me.
O'R: Up next on "The Factor": my new book and where to get it. Stay tuned.

January 28, 2003
Transcript from syndicated
TV morning talk show
Clinton in the Morning!

BILL CLINTON: And what is this dish that you're making called?
JOHN WALKER: It's called "plov."
BC: And the recipe is in your book?
JW: Yeah. Also a recipe for a kind of quick yogurt made from camel's milk.
[audience groans and laughter]
BC: Whew! I'm telling ya, folks . . .
JW: It's actually pretty good.
BC: And so now what are you doing there in the frying pan?
JW: I'm stirring the mutton here . . .
BC: Can everybody see that?
JW: You just want to make sure the mutton is nice and brown on the outside.
BC: It smells delicious.
JW: At this point, if you like, you can toss in whatever greens you have . . .
BC: Is this how you would do it when you were in Afghanistan?
JW: Well, we didn't have anything green to put in our food.
BC: Not healthy . . .
JW: Except the water . . .
[audience laughter]
BC: The water! Fantastic!
JW: That's how I lost all that weight . . .
[audience laughter]
BC: Great! When we come back, John's going to give us a taste of his plov—mmmm, smells great—and we're going to hear more about his new book, "Dinner at Hate: A Taliban Cookbook," and then later, Jamie Farr will be here to talk about life after "M*A*S*H," so stick around!
[audience applause; theme music]

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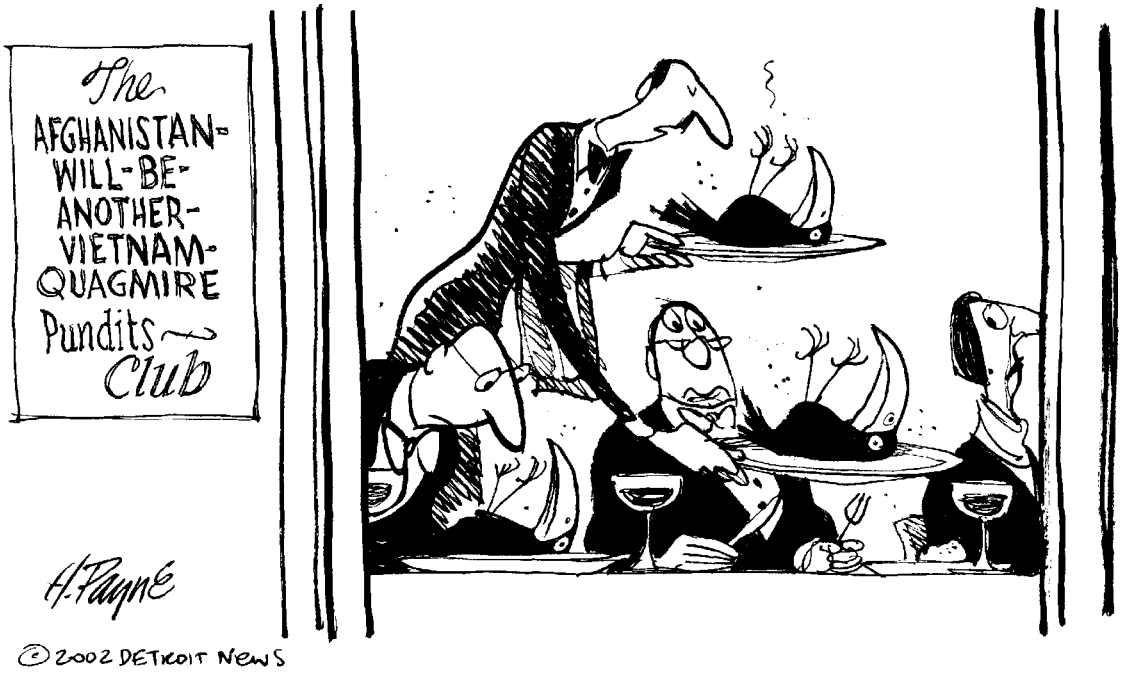

"YOUR CROW, SIR."

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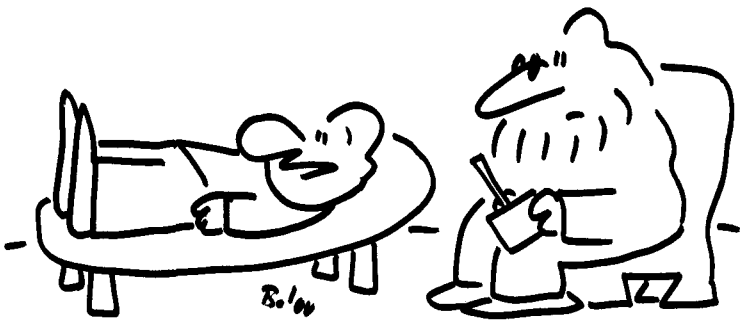
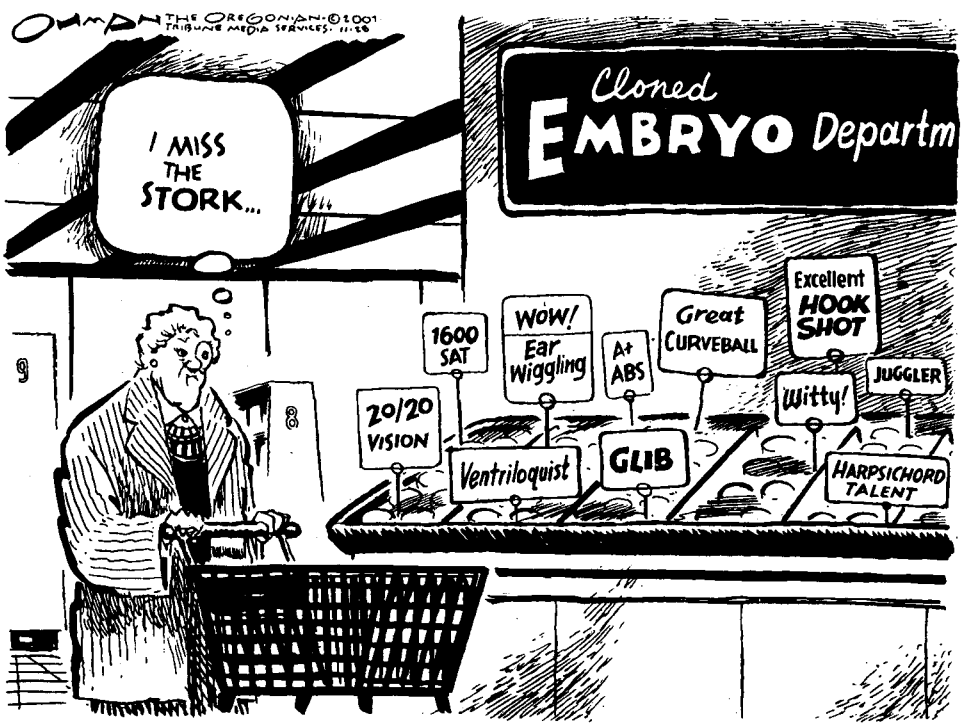


"I can't afford your full treatment—how much to just teach me to simulate *sanity?"*

The Swamp Queen

In a pickup, Janet Reno
Tools the Sunshine State
Thirty points behind, eschewing
Helmet and breastplate
Favored by the Valkyries, but
Getting off a few
For the fetid Everglades and
Old crocs she once knew.

—W. H. von Dreele



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A Love and a Virtue

JAY NORDLINGER

Losing Friends, by Digby Anderson (The Social Affairs Unit, £12.95, 206 pp.)

IT'S a big subject—friendship—and one not often written about these days. Euripides said, "One loyal friend is worth 10,000 relatives." Aristotle found that friendship was no less than the basis of society: both "a love" and "a virtue," and indispensable not only for individual friends but for everyone. Augustine, when a friend of his died, groaned of his "grief," "torment," and "misery": "I wondered that he should die and I remain alive, for I was his second self."

These quotes and thoughts are drawn from Digby Anderson's new book *Losing Friends*. Anderson is familiar to readers of this magazine: He is a prolific writer on food, and a prolific writer on everything, come to think of it. He is the director of the interestingly named Social Affairs Unit, a London think tank. Anderson is your basic (well, not basic) English polymath. He is a journalist, a scholar, a policy analyst, and that most venerable and exalted of things: a social critic. He expresses himself with brass, logic, and daring. He has a special talent for saying things that you yourself have thought but have shied from voicing, for whatever reason (probably cowardice and fear of public laughter or contradiction—which Anderson seems to have none of). He also thinks of things that you, frankly, have never thought of, and that seem almost impermissible to say. There may be times when you're incensed with him, along with times when you're purring along with him—but you are always engaged, stimulated by him.

In the present volume, Anderson contends—and complains—that friendship is declining, that we are, as the title says, "losing friends." His evidence for this? It is largely "anecdotal"—dread word—but that doesn't mean that it fails to add up or that it doesn't ultimately convince. Besides which, the book simply *rings* true, strikes one as true. Life bears it out.

Philadelphia Museum of Art/Corbis

Jan Steen's Rhetoricians at a Window

When funerals are held, where are the friends? There are fewer now. When obituaries are written, where are the mentions of the deceased's key friends? Practically non-existent. Do friends have rights or privileges when a loved one is in the hospital or in prison? Generally not—but relatives do, and these may not care a fig about the person in question. Companies afford no "bereavement" or "compassionate" leave when an important friend dies. The role of the club and the pub and the fraternal organization has diminished—and how our sophisticated and judgmental have loved to scorn and belittle these institutions! (Anderson has a brief section on Rotary, and it is one of the sharpest and most moving in the book.) Folks write to "Dear Abby" types utterly bewildered as to how to make or keep friends. Travel agencies arrange trips with what amount to fake, or stand-in, friends.

And so on.

There are, of course, many kinds of friendships, and many notions of friendship—which Anderson treats acutely. He has much to say about Biblical friendship, classical friendship, and Victorian friendship—about "high" friendship, which is to be distinguished from today's kind, which tends to be "thinner," more "restricted": the kind that confines itself to leisure and recreation (not that these are to be sneezed at, to be sure). Real friendship is more than the Sunday golf foursome or the occasional movie. Nor is friendship a matter of mutual flattery, Anderson emphasizes; true friendship has always relied on candor, sometimes brutal-seeming, though offered in a loving spirit. (We moderns, of course, have been capable of seeing this. Recall the excellent Jerry Herman lyric, from *Mame*: "Who else but a bosom buddy will sit down and level, will give you the devil, will sit down and tell you the truth?") Classical friendship, according to Anderson, held that friends were to keep each other firm in character and identity. This friendship involved a "moral commitment," quite apart from "feelings," "hearts," and sentiment generally (sentiment—or, better, sentimentalism—being one of the author's many enemies of friendship).

Cicero thought friendship no less than "complete identity of feeling about all things divine and human, as strengthened by mutual goodwill and affection." We need not go so far as that to wonder whether some of the relationships we now term "friendships" deserve the designation.

One of the great friendships of the Bible was that between David and Jonathan: Their "souls," we are told, were "knit" together. Their friendship was marked by what today we would recognize as marriage-like qualities—and qualities pertaining pretty much *only* to marriage. Said Jonathan to David,

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"Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee." The two men undertook a kind of pledge: "We have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord . . . for ever." Plainly, they had a deep love for each other: and, of course, this is enough to cause some people today—pseudo-scholars, wishfully-thinking activists, idiots at large—to cry, "Fag!"

Here we have another of the enemies of friendship: dumb suspicion of homosexuality, and confusion about that vital word, "love." As Anderson writes, this word "can be heard coarsely as physical sex, but it also has been sentimentalized into a sickly mutual niceness. Perhaps because of this, some of those who write today on friendship never mention love at all." What's more, "a sexually obsessed society—be the obsession liberational or repressive—is the enemy of friendship."

Other enemies? They seem to lurk everywhere. The modern eye can see friendship as "subversive," as an outright "anti-social institution": Other institutions, "such as the family or the firm, the regiment or the team, and indeed the nation-state, are wary of friendship. It is a potential rival to them" (although it can be a boon to them, too, if they would only let it be). The Left is often suspicious or disdainful of friendship on grounds of egalitarianism: To assert friendship is to *choose*, to prefer—to be partial. "I like *him*, and that means—sorry—that I like *him* less," which in these times may not sit so well.

And then there's our old friend—or culprit—"family values." Perhaps the most challenging of Anderson's chapters is that entitled "Friendship's Greedy Rival for Time and Affection: the Romantic Family." By "romantic," the author means unrealistic or wrongly idealistic: the family as be-all, end-all, a "tightly-knit tiny unit" that hunkers down against the other good things in life. The nuclear family, writes Anderson, is at the moment "very much turned in on itself," to no one's good. The fact that friendship has been assigned "a very low priority" has affected not only friendship but marriage, harmfully. People get married later than ever, in part to enjoy life outside the family; in this way, marriage and family are seen as a trap and stultifier. Divorce, for some, can mean liberation from the family, a chance to have breath outside it. Says Anderson, "Under cover of righting the listing ship of marriage, [certain conservatives] tie the husband to its mast. [*Losing Friends* is mainly about male friendships, although it certainly touches on others.] Thus bound, he is left no time or place for friendship. It is ironic that one traditional value, marriage, when exaggerated, can do so much damage to another, friendship."

■

'A man's friendships are, like his will, invalidated by marriage.'

■

As far back as the 19th century—when the going was good, or better, in Anderson's judgment—Samuel Butler wrote, "A man's friendships are, like his will, invalidated by marriage." And what a pity, or outrage. Yet Anderson argues—with great persuasiveness—that marriage and friendship, properly understood, are at least as much allies as competitors, being undermined by the same things (jealousy, moral relativism), and depending on the same things: fidelity, honor, self-sacrifice, constancy, love. They may stand or fall together.

Friendship is a "challenge," everyone says—and so it is. It generally doesn't come without some effort. Anderson tartly notes that people speak of "losing contact" with friends; they seldom speak of "neglecting" them. But if they were to avoid their parents for an extended period, or forget to feed the dog for a few days, could they plead that they had merely, simply "lost contact"? Friendship requires a certain "moral literacy," as Anderson insists; and a society that lacks it will be one in which friendship is hurting.

This is a relatively short book, but the author covers an impressive amount of ground. He examines how friendship is faring in business, in the universities, and in the professions, and among all classes. He devotes a chapter to the *theological* obstacles and aids to friendship. He calls on a wide cast of characters—Seneca, Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson—not to show off, but for genuine illumination. He laments that our age has "marginalized" friendship, leaving it as a "private pursuit," when it can perform so much public good. Above all, he would like to restore friendship to its former level of importance, to provoke "thought and explicit comment" on the subject—on "the love whose name is seldom spoken" (as he says).

At a certain juncture, Anderson describes his book as a "tour of old ideas." It is also a tour de force. Though modest-appearing, the book is packed with a thousand insights—many of them startling—coming from both the author himself and the many he has read or talked to. Unfortunately, *Losing Friends* isn't easy for the U.S. reader to acquire. One can get it through the British Amazon.com (found at www.amazon.co.uk); or one can inquire directly of the Social Affairs Unit (website: www.socialaffairsunit.org.uk; address: Morley House, 314-322 Regent Street, London, W1B 3BB). But take a friendly tip: If the subject beckons to you, the book, like friendship, is worth the effort. It's the kind you think about for a long while after you've read it. It sticks to your ribs, jangles your mind. **NR**

LEGACY

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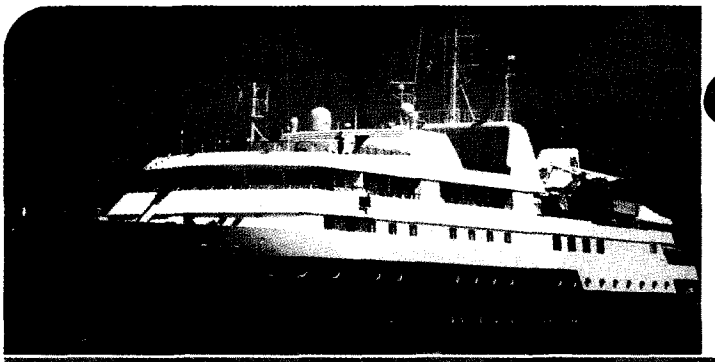

JOIN WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY J

Crossroads of Mediterranean

An Exclusive National Review Voyage Aboard the Luxurious New 92-Guest Sun Bay I

Join us on what is destined to be the most exotic, unique, and truly thrilling seafaring voyage *National Review* will ever sponsor, the 2002 "Crossroads of Civilization" Cruise. We're certain you won't be able to find a more enjoyable or more irresistible trip than this exclusive *National Review* journey to ancient, beautiful, and rarely visited Mediterranean ports, traveling with Bill Buckley, Rich Lowry, Kate O'Beirne, and Ramesh Ponnuru aboard a new deluxe ship reserved exclusively for *NR* readers.

Sail with us on the new 92-guest *Sun Bay I* as we explore fascinating historic sites and glorious Mediterranean islands—the "beauty spots," as Bill Buckley writes, "that aroused the lust of Caesar and Napoleon, and will now gratify our own." During ten glorious days and nights you'll visit places that you've always dreamed of seeing, and enjoy the company of Bill and *NR*'s editors, who will treat you to scintillating discussions—at seminars, during cocktail receptions and relaxing "smokers," and over intimate gourmet meals—on current events.

We'll sail to and from these heralded locales on the wonderful *Sun Bay I*. With its relaxed and congenial ambiance, spacious cabins, inviting public rooms, and generous deck space, it's the perfect venue for mixing, mingling, dining, and reveling with our stellar team of *NR* editors and friends, both old and newfound! You simply must sign up today to reserve one of the 40 deluxe cabins—only three remain!—on this unique and exclusive voyage designed especially for *National Review*. This is one time you won't want to miss the ship!

DETAILED ITINERARY OF *NATIONAL REVIEW*'S EXCLUSIVE, ALL-INCLUSIVE CRUISE

Wednesday, May 1, 2002
USA | DEPARTURE
The trip of a lifetime begins today as you depart the U.S. on a regularly scheduled flight destined for beautiful Malta.

Thursday, May 2
VALLETTA, MALTA
Today you arrive in Valletta, one of Europe's most stunning cities. Enjoy luxury accommodations at the five-star Hotel Le Meridien Phoenicia, located amidst splendid gardens overlooking the city. Take some "R & R" time as the balance of the day is at your leisure. At night, enjoy a welcome cocktail reception and dinner at the hotel, where you will meet and mingle with your hosts.

Friday, May 3
VALLETTA
You'll commence this first full day in Europe with a morning tour of the city, including the Grand Master's Palace, formerly the official residence of the grand master, which houses the armory and the state rooms; and the Co-Cathedral of St. John, the main church of the Knights, completed in 1578 with Caravaggio's masterpiece, the *Beheading of St. John*, and other treasures. In the afternoon, join your comrades at the Meridien Phoenicia for our first *National Review* seminar, led by Bill Buckley.

Saturday, May 4
VALLETTA | TARXIEN | MDINA | RABAT | VALLETTA | EMBARKATION
In the morning, we'll visit the National Museum of Archaeology, with its exhibits that record the history of the Maltese islands, and then drive to Tarxien to tour its prehistoric temples, dating from about 3000–2500 B.C. On to Mdina, the island's first capital, situated impressively on a high plateau. After lunch at a local restaurant, the *NR* contingent will explore this fortified medieval town, and then tour the catacombs and Roman villa at nearby Rabat. In the afternoon we will return to Valletta's Grand Harbor to board the *Sun Bay I*, which departs in the evening, headed for some of the most heralded sites of Western civilization. Tonight enjoy the first of *NR*'s two "smokers," featuring world-class H. Upmann cigars.

Sunday, May 5
PORTO EMPEDOCLE | AGRIGENTO, SICILY
Today we visit the beautiful southwest coast of Sicily, where the *Sun Bay I* will pull into Porto Empedocle. From there we will drive to nearby Agrigento, the home to awe-inspiring ancient architecture and artifacts. Set on a ridge facing the sea, Agrigento's series of superb Doric temples are perhaps the most captivating of Sicily's Greek remains. View the Temple of Hercules, constructed in the 6th century B.C.; the Temple of Concord, a remarkably preserved edifice; and the Temple of Juno, noted for its graceful proportions. This afternoon we'll return to the *Sun Bay I* for relaxing and sailing.

Monday, May 6
AT SEA | TAORMINA, SICILY
The morning finds us pleasurably sailing the Mediterranean, and after breakfast comes the second *NR* seminar. After lunch, we arrive in Taormina, one of the most beautifully situated cities in all of Italy. Founded in 396 B.C. by Greek colonists from Naxos, Taormina, an archaeological treasure-trove, prospered throughout both the Hellenistic and Roman periods. Visit the magnificent Greek theater, explore the medieval palaces, and stroll through the city's lovely gardens and terraces. Back aboard ship this evening, trip the *luce fantastico* at a delightful *NR* cocktail reception with friends old and new.

Tuesday, May 7
PALERMO | SEGESTA | MONREALE | PALERMO
This morning we arrive in Palermo, Sicily's

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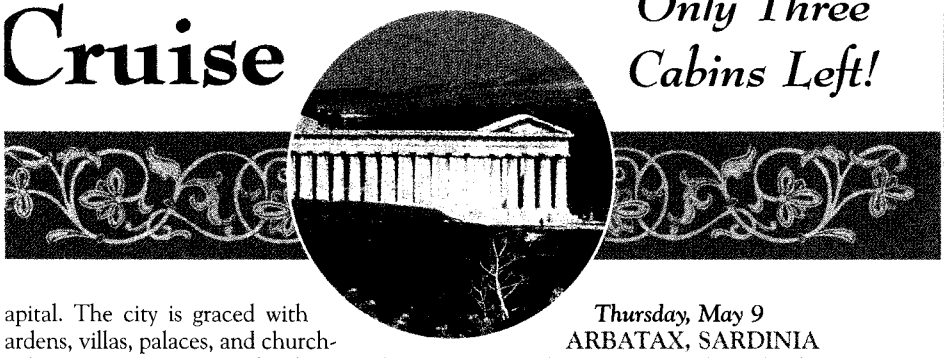
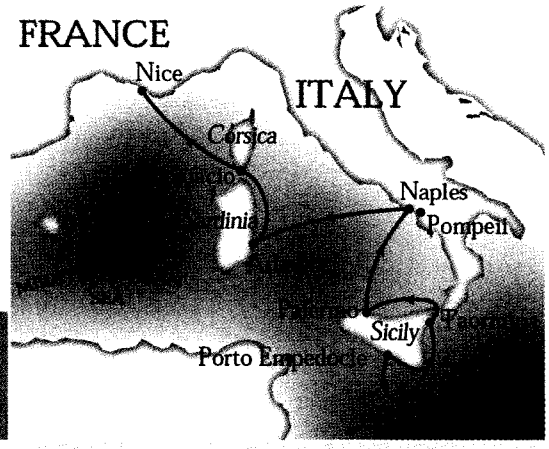
AND THE EDITORS OF NATIONAL REVIEW ON THE

Civilization Cruise

May 1-11, 2002

Only Three Cabins Left!





apital. The city is graced with ardens, villas, palaces, and churchs that come in a variety of architectural tyles, reflecting its long history. Driving from 'alermo in the morning, we arrive in Segesta o view its unfinished temple, situated in najestic solitude atop a rural hill. After lunch n the small medieval town of Monreale, we'll our its famed cathedral and elegant cloister; onstructed from 1174 to 1176 by William II, ne cathedral's interior contains a magnificent eries of mosaics. In the afternoon, we return o Palermo to visit the glorious Cappella 'alatina, one of Italy's finest works of art. We'll epart in the evening and enjoy another stimlating *National Review* seminar aboard the unning *Sun Bay I*.

Wednesday, May 8
'OMPEII | NAPLES, ITALY
'oday the *Sun Bay I* ventures to Naples, from /hich we'll head to the famed historical site f Pompeii, ravaged and buried when /esuvius erupted in A.D. 79, and now restored" after 200-plus years of painstaking xcavations that reveal an extraordinary /ealth of information about domestic life in he Roman Empire. Tour highlights include he Forum, the Temples of Apollo and upiter, the Stabian Baths, and the House of /ettii. Following lunch we'll visit the Jational Archeological Museum in Naples it houses a massive collection of Pompeii reasures). The evening features another *NR* smoker" back on the *Sun Bay I*.

Thursday, May 9
ARBATAX, SARDINIA
Today we visit Sardinia, landing at the pretty eastern port of Arbatax, located on the Bellavista promontory, a wondrous red porphyry hill that projects into the sea. From here we'll explore beautiful surrounding villages, including Baunei, situated under limestone crags, and Urzuleir, built on mutliple levels on the slopes of Punta Is Gruttas. Then enjoy another *National Review* seminar aboard the *Sun Bay I*.

Friday, May 10
BONIFACIO, CORSICA |
AT SEA
Today's feature is Sardinia's "sister" island, Corsica. In the morning *Sun Bay I* enters the scenic, fjord-like waterway that leads to Bonifacio. We'll disembark and explore this exotic town, visiting its famed cliffs and the Pertusato Lighthouse. Back on the *Sun Bay I*, we'll enjoy a relaxing afternoon sailing the Mediterranean, and revel in the final *National Review* seminar. And before another sumptuous dinner, we'll experience one last glorious eruption of conservative camaraderie at our farewell cocktail reception.

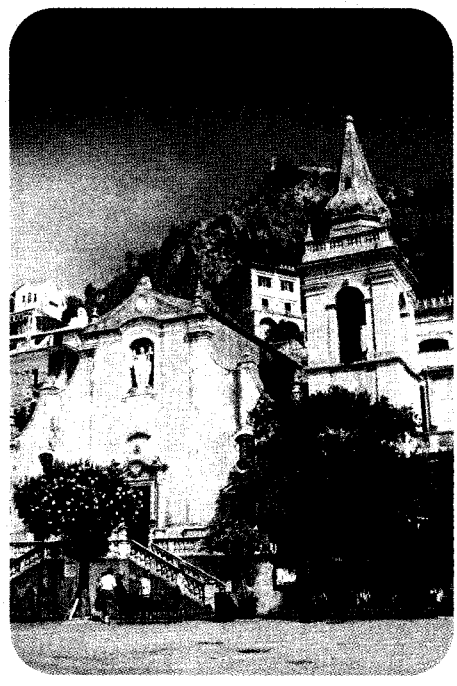
Saturday, May 11
NICE, FRANCE |
DISEMBARKATION | USA
The *Sun Bay I* arrives this morning in Nice. You'll disembark and transfer to the airport for the return flight to the U.S.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR OPTIONAL EXTENSION IN NICE

May 11 – 13, 2002

Located in the heart of the French Riviera, Nice is one of the Mediterranean's most beautiful cities, with its lovely gardens, splendid sea-views, and chic boulevards. After disembarking, we visit the Chagall and Matisse museums. In the afternoon, transfer to the deluxe Hotel Meridien. Evening at leisure. The following day, drive to Antibes for a tour of the 16th-century Chateau Grimaldi, home to the Picasso Museum. Continue to St-Paul-de-Vence for lunch. Enjoy an afternoon tour of the old village and a visit to the Maeght Foundation, home to one of the best modern-art collections in the world. Return to Nice in the evening for overnight.

Price per person, double occupancy: $595
(Price includes two nights at the Hotel Meridien, including American breakfast daily, tours as described, and lunch on May 12th.)



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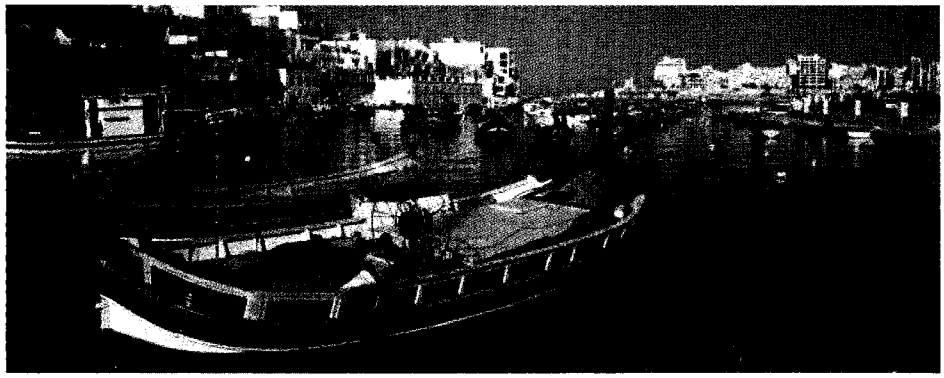

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Program Inclusions

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- Welcome cocktail reception and dinner at the hotel in Malta.
- Seven-night cruise aboard *Sun Bay I* with accommodations in an outside cabin with private facilities.
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- Complimentary beer, wine, and soft drinks served with lunch and dinner aboard ship.
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Good Breeding

DAN SELIGMAN

A Life of Sir Francis Galton: From African Exploration to the Birth of Eugenics, by Nicholas Wright Gillham (Oxford, 432 pp., $35)

NINETY years after his death, arguments still rage about Francis Galton's intellectual legacy. Galton fans abound, but so do calumniators. I am one of many who are bowled over by the range, depth, and originality of his thinking, and by his boundless curiosity about everything from the efficacy of prayer to the respective contributions of "nature" and "nurture" to human differences. Galton popularized the nature–nurture dichotomy, even as he insistently emphasized the primacy of nature. This judgment was considered suspect in Victorian England, and remained suspect during much of the 20th century, but stands resoundingly vindicated in the age of biotechnology.

The darker view of Galton is continually put forward by intellectuals who cannot talk about him without mentioning Hitler. They connect the dots by pointing to Galton's enthusiasm for "eugenics," i.e., programs to improve the human breed. He invented the term and promoted the idea, and his detractors see him as therefore implicated in the master-race horrors of the Nazis decades later. The Nexis database includes 115 articles mentioning both "Galton" and "Nazis."

Nicholas Wright Gillham, a geneticist at Duke, is already talking about Nazis on page 2 of this new biography of Galton. Here and elsewhere, Gillham exhibits a certain amount of politically correct nervousness that obliges him to distance himself from Galton's findings about racial differences, heritable traits, and other matters. Still, the book is enormously readable, mainly because its subject led a charmed life whose details are irresistible.

It was a life of privilege. He was born into a English Quaker family of great wealth and high intelligence, and he was a cousin of Charles Darwin, with whom he shared a grandfather. Galton himself must be rated a genius. Lewis Terman, developer of the Stanford-Binet IQ test, estimated his score at 200—a figure surely consistent with this excerpt from a letter he wrote to an older sister in 1826:

> I am four years old and I can read any English book. I can say all the Latin Substantives and Adjectives and active verbs besides 52 lines of Latin poetry. I can cast up any sum in addition and can multiply by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 . . . 10 . . . [He seems to have initially claimed 9 and 11, then conscientiously crossed them out.] I can also say the pence table. I read French a little, and I know the Clock.

Galton was also privileged in having a father who fondly let him have his way about major matters. Tertius Galton wanted his son to become a doctor, but Francis found medicine boring and yearned to study mathematics at Cambridge; the old man gave way. He also encouraged (and paid for) an astonishing amount of travel by his son, in Europe and the Near East. Francis was 22 when Tertius died, leaving him a sizable fortune and free to do as he pleased. One of his first moves was to set off for Arabia. With two Cambridge pals, he traveled an adventurous 1,000 miles up the Nile toward Khartoum, an area lacking in all amenities, not to mention British consuls; they finally reached their godforsaken destination after a long desert hike.

Given the childhood intimations of genius, and the subsequent staggering accomplishments, Galton was a surprisingly slow starter in life. It appears that in the five or six years after his father's death, he didn't do much except read and travel. His first serious scientific venture was an ambitious, and hugely successful, expedition into uncharted southern Africa—mainly what is now Namibia—from which he returned, two years later, with maps he had made of the area and an avalanche of data on the local populations. He reported their mental ability to be far below European standards—a judgment about which Gillham feels obliged to register dismay without, however, feeling obliged to say Galton was wrong.

Galton's adventures, combined with his scientific contributions, led to fame, and to influence in the Royal Geographical Society; that in turn gave him an opportunity to promote predictive "weather maps." (The development of these maps was one of his major preoccupations throughout the 1870s, when the first daily forecasts began appearing in Britain.) Fingerprinting was another enthusiasm with major consequences; Galton established that one's fingerprints do not change over the years, that each set is essentially unique, and that it is possible to code and classify fingerprints in ways that make them searchable and therefore useful in criminal investigations. Scotland Yard remains in his debt.

In 1865, at age 43, he found his real career. It began with a two-part article entitled "Hereditary Talent and Character," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and developed over the years into a series of extraordinary books on human faculties. Galton's main point throughout was that human mental ability and personality traits, no less than the plant and animal traits described by Darwin, were essentially inherited. In gravitating to this position, he was plainly influenced by his cousin's own work, and also by the signs of hereditary talent in his own family.

The scholarship that went into his argument was a tour de force: He had to generate not just his own data, but his own mathematical tools for analyzing them. As there were no widely used tests

Mr. Seligman is a contributing editor of *Forbes* and author of *A Question of Intelligence: The IQ Debate in America*.

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of mental ability—IQ was still a half-century away—he settled on "eminence" in intellectual achievement as a plausible proxy for ability, and established a standard in which about one in 4,000 Englishmen was eminent. He then demonstrated that those who were most directly descended from eminent men were themselves likely to be eminent; sons, for example, had a better chance than nephews. He observed that during the centuries when it was common for popes to adopt and raise sons, these sons were far less likely to attain eminence than the natural sons of eminent fathers. Anticipating an idea that became a staple of IQ analysis a century later, he noted that identical twins (whom we now know to be genetically indistinguishable) were far more likely to remain similar throughout life than fraternal twins (who share only about half their genes).

A committed empiricist, Galton was always on the prowl for more data. "Whenever you can, count," was a favorite axiom. Assessing the boringness of lectures, he actually counted yawns in the audience. He also created a "Beauty Map" of the British Isles. Here he collected the data by walking around in a number of cities with a device in his pocket that enabled him to punch pinholes in different places depending on whether the women he passed in the street were good, medium, or bad lookers. (He rated London best, Aberdeen worst.) Even in assessing the efficacy of prayer—of which he was skeptical—he went far beyond the standard armchair arguments and marshaled arrays of data on, for example, mortality rates among the pious and the unbelievers. (He also observed sagely that insurance companies declined to offer superior rates to the pious.)

In his efforts to sort out the effects of heredity and environment, he ended up contributing significantly to the science of statistics, and did much to make psychology a severely quantitative discipline. He was a principal developer of "correlation," which measures the degree of association between different sets of data. He was among the first to establish that the so-called normal distribution (the bell curve) applied to multiple human traits. He developed "standard scores," which make it possible to compare different kinds of statistical series. He established that numerous heritable traits, including height and intelligence, exhibited regression to the mean—meaning that extreme inherited results tended to move toward average results in the next generation. (Galton called it "the law of filial regression to mediocrity," which was not exactly right, since the phenomenon results in regression for *parents* as well as children.) He had an extraordinary intuitive grasp of what was possible with statistics, even where others eventually had to bring more rigor to the methods.

Galton's case for eugenics was implicit in his mid-career writing on heritability, and was explicit even in parts of his initial *Macmillan's* article. The case he made was at once devastatingly logical and maddeningly elusive. When you establish that important human traits are heritable, and that some traits—good health, intelligence, high energy—are socially desirable, then it is not much of a stretch to want parents who exhibit these traits to produce more children, and also to want fewer births among the diseased and unintelligent. That was the logical part.

The elusive part was how you get from here to there. A fair critique of Galton and other eugenics enthusiasts of his era is that they never had a political strategy for implementing their vision in a democratic society. The argument that their ideas somehow culminated in Hitler's atrocities is ludicrous, and at the end of an epilogue summing up Galton's legacy—a passage in which the Nazis are endlessly onstage—Gillham backtracks and declines to press charges.

In a tendentious summing-up of his subject's life, Gillham condescendingly writes: "Galton meant well in his efforts to improve mankind, but he viewed the world through the lens of class, privilege, and the predominant role played by men in virtually all affairs in Victorian England." The sentence appears to imply that the lens in question systematically distorted Galton's vision, but this is not borne out by the author's own rendering of the life—which will leave many readers thinking that privileged Victorian gentlemen were capable of scrupulous objectivity, and were quite possibly less influenced by the social and political currents of their own time than is the American professoriate today. **NR**

Kissing the Corpse

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

Armageddon Averted: The Soviet Collapse, 1970–2000, by Stephen Kotkin (Oxford, 245 pp., $25)

IN 1970 the Soviet Union was in command of swathes of the globe, and motivated by ideology toward further armed conquest. A few short years later, there is only ruin and pollution and demoralization to show for all that power. Communism is a bad memory, and its rapid and all-encompassing collapse raises questions fundamental to our understanding of the times and the societies in which we live.

Two main explanations of the whole phenomenon are on offer. Communism was inhuman in principle, the Right argues, and free people were under an obligation at least to contain it. A coalition developed of the United States and its NATO allies, the Vatican, Polish Solidarity, and dissident movements. Applying steady pressure to the Soviet Union in all spheres, this coalition exposed the criminality and inefficiency of Communism, and so "won" the Cold War. Not at all, the Left replies: The collapse was an unforeseeable and self-inflicted accident, and not much of a commentary on the nature of Communism. The Soviet experiment could have worked, and might still do so in the future.

During the Cold War, colleges and universities were full of specialists, known as Sovietologists, who fantasized that the Soviet Union was becoming a civil society, "converging" with the United States and even, in some fields, overtaking it. Here was a failure of intellect and humanity for which it is hard to find a parallel; and in today's Left, it lives on. In this short, often clever but always opinionated essay, Stephen

Mr. Pryce-Jones is an NR senior editor. Among his books is *The Strange Death of the Soviet Empire.*

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Kotkin, the director of Russian studies at Princeton, has refined the standard left-wing apology in the hope of giving a kiss of life to the corpse of Communism.

In Kotkin's view, Communism did provide some measure of social justice and equality, and in its imperfect way modernized Russia; lots of worthy people "had a deeply felt urge to make socialism live up to its promise." But he concedes that while short-term economic changes—higher oil prices, say, or falling steel-production costs—might have permitted Communism to survive the rule of Mikhail Gorbachev, it would nonetheless have become obvious, one fine day, that the planned economy cannot deliver the goods. Rectification was impossible: The Soviet system "had no mechanisms for self-correction" and for that reason was set on a competition with capitalism that it could not win. To concede that Communism was vulnerable through its inherent flaws is prodigious progress on the part of an apologist like Kotkin.

Capitalism, and the liberal democracy that goes with it, gave the U.S. and its allies the strength to devise and implement policies for containing the Soviet Union. But nothing like that features in this book, which baldly states that Ronald Reagan and other American leaders "pirated" a victory for which they deserve no credit. Communism is alleged to have collapsed solely on account of Gorbachev and the reforms that he inflicted upon a system not open to reform.

Kotkin condescendingly portrays Gorbachev as a hayseed and country bumpkin—someone who rose to power because he was younger and luckier than other contenders, but whose only real talent lay in "intoxicating wizardry," or the black arts of manipulation indispensable to all Communist party leaders, promoting supporters and eliminating critics. In his pocket Gorbachev always had another plan, and most of them were too clever by half; but his fatal weakness was his failure to understand that it was the Communist party alone that held the Soviet Union together as a state. When Gorbachev deliberately broke the party's hold on power, he had not appreciated that the state must also break apart. According to Kotkin, this outcome arose from the highest of motives: Gorbachev was one of the worthy people with the deep urge to make socialism live up to its promise. The hayseed from Stavropol was also a romantic and a humanist; as reform spiraled out of control into chaos, a cynic or a tyrant would have resorted to war and even the nuclear Armageddon referred to in Kotkin's

Kotkin condescendingly portrays Gorbachev as a hayseed and country bumpkin.

title. Gorbachev instead let go of the constituent republics of the Soviet Union, including the Baltic states, with hardly a shot fired in anger. He bade a swift farewell to the European satellites, and allowed Germany to reunite within NATO. Gorbachev may have destabilized Communism, but he had emerged from "the soul of the Soviet system."

All of this makes him Kotkin's hero; but it is ingenious, to put it kindly, to come up with the argument that the justification of Communism lies in the unintentional manner in which it drove itself from the scene.

In any case, what followed was awful, says Kotkin. Boris Yeltsin is the villain. Under his rule, human nature reasserted itself. Without the party-state, worthy socialist people turned into thieves and swindlers. What had been idealism ended as "basest opportunism," or the cannibalization of movable and immovable assets. Neither Yeltsin's ex-Communist apparatchiks nor imported American advisers had a clue what should be done. They set up almost a parody of the old party structure with its Central Committee. The KGB and interior troops survive under other names. In the absence of a reliable market and banking system, assured property and other rights, life is a free-for-all. Elections and parliament amount to a Potemkin façade without the institutions and rule of law indispensable to a genuine liberal democracy. Struggling to

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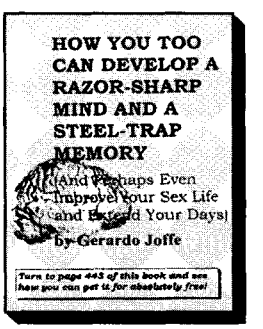
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introduce the rule of law, Vladimir Putin is today still wandering in unmapped territory.

Bitterness, in the end, overwhelms Kotkin. From Russia's point of view, he thinks, the upheaval has not been worth it. The modern world is harsh, and Russia's place in it uncertain. Capitalism creates but also destroys. The U.S. exhibits "a combustible mixture of arrogance and paranoia in response to perceived challenges to its global pretensions." It is bad luck for Kotkin to be publishing at this very moment the opinion that Putin harbors no illusion about "partnership" with the U.S., but is identifying Russia's interests, "properly," with Europe. Russia's best hope, Kotkin concludes, is to try to join the euro. That is a strange example of the sort of American-inspired advice Kotkin otherwise so despises. It would also be condign punishment for another generation or two of Russians.

Trust the expert, the poet Virgil famously exhorted—but then he could never have guessed what comes out of our great academies. **NR**

Providence Abroad

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Special Providence: American Foreign Policy and How It Changed the World, by Walter Russell Mead (Knopf, 374 pp., $30)

THIS highly readable history and analysis of American foreign policy offers an answer to a question that was never more pertinent: How has the United States, "with a notoriously erratic and undisciplined foreign policy process, [implemented] foreign policies that have consistently advanced the country toward greater power and wealth than any other power in the history of the world"?

The author, however, has a problem not of his making: Judging from the book's contents, the print run began only a few weeks before September 11. Mead's predicament compares to that of a historian whose prognosis for Russian foreign policy had been written and published a few weeks before Lenin arrived at the Finland Station. The facts are arguably all there in Mead's book; he was even conscious of "the challenges to come in a time likely to be more dangerous and complicated" than anything in the past.

But he also warns about the "consequences of international overreaching," and we have to ask ourselves: Is such a warning really in order, after 9/11?

Our perspective has changed as spectacularly now as it did after Hiroshima. The making of American foreign policy can never be written about in the same way again, because our way of life is changing before our very eyes. There may even be an End of History, of the kind envisioned in the early 1920s by Italo Svevo, an Italian novelist admired by James Joyce:

> When all the poison gases [of the war] are exhausted, a man, made like all other men of flesh and blood, will, in the quiet of a room, invent an explosive of such potency that all the explosives in existence will seem like harmless toys beside it. And another man, made in his image and in the image of all the rest, but a little weaker than they, will steal that explosive and crawl to the center of the earth with it, and place it just where he calculates it would have the maximum effect. There will be a tremendous explosion, but none will hear it and the earth will return to its nebulous state and go wandering thru the sky, free at last from parasites and disease.

I do not mean to suggest that Mead's ambitious history has been so overtaken by the aftermath of 9/11 that its value is negligible. Quite the contrary: He has described the roots of American foreign policy in a most imaginative and cogent way. But 9/11 has imposed the need for a new foreign-policy strategy, for we are experiencing the full meaning of the ominous words uttered by Bismarck at

Mr. Beichman, a Hoover Institution research fellow, is a columnist for the *Washington Times*. He is the author of *Anti-American Myths: Their Causes and Consequences*.

TAILGATERS

Something there is that doesn't love a wall
But passionately adores a shopping mall.

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Comes apple brandy and the three-piece suit.

"O World, I cannot hold thee close enough!"
Edna stage-whispered, and the world said, "Tough."

Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare;
The rest of us must see it covered with hair.

They flee from me that sometime did me seek.
Could be your new deodorant's too weak.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child—come, give thy Dad a kiss.

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And gaze upon my photos on the shelf.

I think continually of the truly great,
And every now and then of the second-rate.

—ROBERT MEZEY

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the tag end of the 19th century: "We live in a wondrous time in which the strong is weak because of his moral scruples and the weak grows strong because of his audacity."

Mead's contribution to history is, nonetheless, significant. He brings us what he calls "a new paradigm, a new way of thinking about American foreign policy," based on several propositions. First, the relationship of the American economy to the international economic system has always been a central concern of American politics; second, globalization has almost always been at the heart of American strategic thinking; and third, the democratic process has helped align the country's foreign policy with its interests in a way that is "superior to anything that individual statesmen, however gifted, could accomplish."

■

The democratic process has helped align America's foreign policy with its interests.

■

The chief ideas of U.S. foreign policy, Mead writes, can be divided into four schools or approaches, each named after a prominent American statesman. The Jeffersonian school sees the preservation of American democracy as our most pressing interest, at the same time as it resists attempts to impose our values on other countries. The Wilsonian credo is the opposite: It is our moral and practical duty to spread our values globally and to require other countries to accept and practice these values. The Hamiltonian school believes that foreign policy's primary task is to promote "the health of American enterprise at home and abroad"; its adherents early supported a special relationship with Britain and, when the British Empire came to an end after World War II, argued that the U.S. "should take up the British burden."

The last school, the Jacksonians, have a fairly vague credo; in Mead's telling, Jacksonianism represents "a deeply embedded, widely spread populist and popular culture of honor, independence, courage and military pride among the American people." As proof, Mead lists the names of 13 generals and war heroes who became U.S. presidents (he wisely omits from his list Dwight Eisenhower, who was a "Jeffersonian" to the core).

Mead's account of the Jacksonian school has drawn sharp criticism from Arthur Schlesinger Jr., author of a Pulitzer Prize-winning book on Jackson. Schlesinger asserted in the *New York Times Book Review* that Andrew Jackson "opposed nearly every tenet of Mead's 'Jacksonianism'"—and even quoted an admission from Mead himself that "Andrew Jackson was not a Jacksonian." Whatever the merits may be on this particular quarrel, the deeper problem with this kind of categorizing is that it can easily become a game: If Mead can build a category around one presidency, so can I around another presidency. How might one define the Clintonian school of foreign policy—Priapus as the White Household god?

But this model-building has its uses for the historian turned political scientist: It helps Mead answer the question of why U.S. foreign policy has been so successful. His conclusion is that the competition to influence our foreign policy has had a beneficial effect, much like that of Adam Smith's famous "invisible hand": "The endless, unplanned struggle among the schools and lobbies to shape American foreign policy ended up producing over the long run a foreign policy that more closely approximated the true needs and interests of American society than could any conscious design."

This is a valuable insight. Indeed, just about the only area in which Mead is seriously deficient is his understanding of Communism and the Soviet Union. "The notion of a monolithic communism was politically mischievous," he writes, "because it effectively prevented American public opinion from understanding the Cold War in any coherent and sensible way." It seems to me, however, that this supposed misunderstanding about the Cold War worked out rather well. **NR**

Class Clown

TERRY TEACHOUT

Doomed Bourgeois in Love: Essays on the Films of Whit Stillman, edited by Mark C. Henrie (ISI, 176 pp., $14.95)

THIRTEEN years ago—that can't be right, but I'm afraid it is—I was running a monthly cocktail party-salon headquartered in an Upper East Side townhouse that had once belonged to Alan Jay Lerner. One evening, I showed up to unlock the bar and saw to my amazement that the room in which we

Mr. Teachout, the music critic of *Commentary* and a contributor to *Time* magazine, writes about film for *Crisis*. He recently finished *H. L. Mencken: A Life*.

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gathered each month was full of strange-looking equipment, and the furniture draped with white sheets. Upon further inquiry, I learned that our digs would be temporarily doubling after hours as an interior for a movie, written and directed by a casual acquaintance of mine. People one knew didn't make movies back in 1989, nor did the acquaintance in question seem even slightly plausible in the role of *auteur*. Little did we know that our meeting place that night would come to be revered by independent-movie buffs as the home of the Sally Fowler Rat Pack, the anxiously earnest young debs and escorts of Whit Stillman's *Metropolitan*.

The rest is cinematic history. Stillman shot *Metropolitan* on a shoestring, and followed up with two even more personal movies, *Barcelona* and *The Last Days of Disco*, completing a trilogy that has long since established him as one of the wittiest filmmakers of his generation, or any other. He is the sort of person who would get a MacArthur grant if they gave MacArthur grants to people like him (though every once in a while, believe it or not, they do). My guess is that a quarter-century from now, he'll be talked about the way today's critics talk about, oh, Billy Wilder. And now he is the subject of a book of essays, a few of which are high-minded enough to make a doctoral candidate blush.

Doomed Bourgeois in Love contains an introduction, nine new essays, and four previously published reviews. The contributors range from impeccably usual suspects to a number of smart people whose names I didn't know. All agree that Stillman is the real deal, though some of them, as Lauren Weiner admits in her very fine consideration of his use of irony, "run the risk of investigating away all the charm" of his films. One essay (not hers) starts out like this: "'*Amerika, du hast es besser!*' Goethe exclaimed." Yikes!

In between these occasional miscalculations, the authors have a great many shrewd and illuminating things to say about Stillman and his art; and if they sometimes lapse into overseriousness, it is the vice of a virtue, which is that they take him very seriously indeed. For Whit Stillman is a comedian of the best kind, one with a highly developed moral imagination: His films are rooted in a clear-eyed understanding of just how hard it has become for nice young men and women to figure out the right thing to do in a culture without rules. As Mark C. Henrie, the editor, explains, "The perplexity that animates each of Stillman's films is how to find our way, how to live well, when the cake of custom has been broken. . . . Perhaps in an age such as ours, it is not tragedy but comedy which is the mature response."

■

Stillman's nice young men and women try to cope in a culture without rules.

■

Much of the book is devoted to this theme, and variations on it. Joseph Alulis, for instance, reads *Metropolitan* as a "defense of virtue," while Peter Augustine Lawler, in "Nature, Grace, and *The Last Days of Disco*," contends that Stillman's films are "rather Socratic, Christian, and at least ambiguously conservative." Fortunately, several essays range further afield, among them George Sim Johnston's "Whit Stillman, Novelist," a review of Stillman's novelization of *The Last Days of Disco*. Unlike most critics, Johnston saw that the book—far from being a casual knockoff of the screenplay—was in fact a fully imagined reconception of the film, worthy of consideration in its own right as a freestanding work of literary art:

> [The film's metamorphosis into the book] is as miraculous and unexpected as anything in Ovid. It is as though the author had a burden of social knowledge that he could not fully discharge in one medium and so turned into a novelist to get the job fully done. If Stillman's movies remind you of a European art film that is actually fun, this novel puts one in mind of the good old days of elegant social fiction—of Wharton and Fitzgerald, Marquand and Cheever.

At the same time, Johnston's typically acute review points to a weakness of *Doomed Bourgeois in Love*, which is that many of the contributors are not especially responsive to the specifically *cinematic* aspect of Stillman's work. With a few notable exceptions, they seem to think of his films as more or less equivalent to their scripts: an admiring but equally misguided inversion of one of the two criticisms leveled most frequently at Stillman, which is that his characters are too talky (a "defect" about which he is rightly unapologetic).

As it happens, the screenplays of *Metropolitan* and *Barcelona* have been published, and to read them is to see at once that he really does think in theatrical terms, if not necessarily visual ones (though he is marvelously good at using décor to evoke a strong sense of time and place). No more than Jean Renoir or John Sayles is he interested in "pure" cinema; like them, he understands that there is more than one way to make a movie. "Some visual purists still think film is pictures at an exhibition," he once said to me in an interview. "They seem to forget that we've been making sound films ever since the Twenties. Talk is incredibly important. . . . Of course you have to be very careful with it, and I understand why all the screenwriting gurus warn against too much dialogue, but I think they're making a mistake. Even action films often have very good dialogue, though there isn't necessarily a lot of it. What's the charm of a buddy comedy? Just to see two guys shooting bullets? It's what the two guys *say* to each other that matters."

The other criticism, of course, is that Stillman makes movies about young people with money, which is both a silly oversimplification and—to invoke a new epithet—classist. In any case, as James Bowman points out in "Whit Stillman: Poet of the Broken Branches," he uses the besieged values of the urban haute bourgeoisie as a symbol of "a much less subjective and more accessible kind of goodness and innocence." That's what makes his sweet-tempered, soufflé-light tales of uncertain youth as much a part of the indie-flick subculture as, say, Kevin Smith's *Clerks* (an edgy, sexually blunt comedy set in a New Jersey convenience store). Stillman's droll, oddly formal-sounding preppies and yuppies—just like Smith's grubby, potty-mouthed Gen-X slackers—are lost in postmodern America, looking for an exit sign. He is the poet of their touching plight, and *Doomed Bourgeois in Love* pays due tribute to the singular subtlety with which he has given it voice. **NR**

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■ SHELF LIFE ■

American Beauty

MICHAEL POTEMRA

So you're at a party, and you meet a young couple. The husband is, rather obviously, a tough case. He's angry at the world—thinks everybody is either stupid, or out to get him, or both. But he and his wife speak Russian, and you want to improve your skills in that language, so you decide to get involved in the young couple's life. You make some calls and get the guy a job in a warehouse; and you give his wife a room in your suburban home in return for help with the housework, and with your Russian.

It's the kind of thing nice people do, every day, in America: reach out to their neighbors in a practical way. We usually don't hear about these everyday decencies; we certainly would never have heard of this one, but for the fact that the young husband in this case used his warehouse job as an opportunity to assassinate the president of the United States. On Friday, November 22, 1963, the Dallas police came to the residence of Ruth Paine and her youthful tenant, Marina Oswald, bringing with them a spotlight that showed America one of its most remarkable, but also representative, characters.

Ruth Paine, Texas housewife, is now the heroine of one of the best nonfiction works of recent years: Thomas Mallon's *Mrs. Paine's Garage and the Murder of John F. Kennedy* (Pantheon, 211 pp., $22). Mallon details how, armed with her Quaker faith and a guileless, quirky sense of humor, Mrs. Paine navigated her way through the consequences of her young friend's act of madness. The early investigations—Dallas police, FBI, Warren Commission—were just the beginning; Mrs. Paine would also eventually become fodder for the kooky Jim Garrison probe, and for the conspiracy theorists and their numerous Internet sites. Mallon discusses all of this, often in highly amusing detail; but what really makes his book a delight is the fact that at the very heart of it is a human being who is as alive in the book's pages as the best characters are in great works of fiction.

As left-wing, WASPy Yankees, Ruth Paine and her husband Michael (a great-great grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence) were certainly anomalous in the suburbs of Dallas. But in circumstances as somber as a presidential assassination, Ruth's eccentricities would probably have stood out even on New York's Park Avenue or Philadelphia's Main Line: "Girlish exuberance and nervous, high laughter dart in and out of her manner and conversation, even when the prevailing mood is grave. . . . [She wants] to assist, explain, and conciliate . . . with almost anyone, in whatever circumstances, including the adversarial and bizarre."

Ruth is a cross between Candide and a Quaker Scarlett O'Hara: a spunky innocent trapped in truly insane events. This spirit comes through quite clearly in many of her statements and writings quoted by Mallon. In one passage, she has just spent a very long day testifying before the grand jury of the Garrison inquiry, to help out with what she had so far believed to be a very serious investigation. At day's end, she finds herself in Garrison's office:

> Garrison had a can of Metrecal. Do you remember Metrecal? Does anyone remember Metrecal? There he was drinking his Metrecal, and I was starving, and nobody was talking about feeding me anything. I'd gotten up at four in the morning or something. And Garrison began explaining, with chalk in hand and a chalkboard, how the CIA was training people out in the parish, out in the swamps, or whatever . . . I was definitely feeling, "I'm surrounded by some very strange people here. What is going on? What is going on here? . . . Can't I go home?"

Ruth wanted to go home, much as James Joyce wanted to awake from the nightmare called history. But she played her part, and did so with a basic goodness rooted in her religious faith. Mallon calls the core of her Quaker belief an "active peacefulness," which is a pretty good phrase for the life of prayer in any religion. This is from an essay she wrote in 1953 about Quaker meetings:

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> There I discover and extend a contact with that which I call God. There, occasionally, spontaneous poetry flows through me, without beginning or end; the beauty of life sings in my heart. Sometimes I will see a new direction to my life, or discover an answer to a problem . . . I reach out from within me to the people around . . . All these things happen elsewhere, but they happen more in Meeting.

This sense of religion as a heightening and deepening of ordinary life is very much in the American grain; indeed, her description of Quaker services is reminiscent of that by another very bright, very good American seeking peace in the midst of awful historical events: her fellow Quaker Whittaker Chambers, in his autobiography, *Witness*.

Like the heroic Chambers, Ruth Paine is an inspiring example of the goodness and warmth of the American heart. Mallon makes the Rochefoucauldian observation that goodness is unsettling, that we would rather "wrestle" with the problem of evil—after all, it reminds us that there are some people worse than ourselves—than face the reality of goodness in others, which reminds us how often we fall short. But in this book, he has given us a lively antidote: the story of a woman who is good, and also highly entertaining; indeed, lovable.

■ Sometimes the good guys win. One stirring example is *Yoni's Last Battle: The Rescue at Entebbe, 1976* (Gefen, 231 pp., $21.95) by Iddo Netanyahu, which offers us history as a gripping adventure story. On July 4, 1976, as Americans were celebrating the bicentennial of our freedom, Yoni Netanyahu was leading a squad of Israeli commandos in a raid to liberate more than 100 hostages from a hijacked jetliner being held at Entebbe airport in Uganda; Netanyahu perished in the attempt, but his squad defeated the terrorists and freed the hostages. Anyone who was around back in 1976 remembers how this daring operation captured the world's imagination; thanks to years of research by Yoni's brother, Iddo, we now have the suspenseful inside story of the raid.

Iddo's book was a bestseller when it first appeared (in Hebrew) in 1991, and this new English translation makes it easy to see why. The outnumbered Israeli squad can stand as a metaphor for the Israeli nation, outnumbered by hostile neighbors but—equipped with a strong moral sense and an unusual level of bravery—capable of fighting, and winning, its battle for survival. The country is so small that the book can actually be read as a family story, in which many figures will go on to play important roles in the family's common future: Yitzhak Rabin, the prime minister who worries that the operation could turn into "Israel's Bay of Pigs"—but gives the go-ahead anyway—will later sign the Oslo peace accords; Shimon Peres, the defense minister, will later serve as prime minister himself; so will Ehud Barak, a veteran of the commando unit who helps with the planning of the operation; and so will another of Yoni's brothers, Benjamin, or "Bibi."

In this memorable book, Iddo Netanyahu has written an exciting tribute not just to his late brother, but to the courage of a nation.

■ *From Dawn to Decadence*, the masterful cultural history of the modern world by scholar-humanist Jacques Barzun, was one of the publishing highlights of the year 2000. A new anthology of Barzun's writings—*A Jacques Barzun Reader* (HarperCollins, 615 pp., $29.95), edited by Michael Murray—gives us Barzun's best thoughts on an amazingly broad panoply of subjects. "The aim of a critic," Barzun tells us, "beyond that of saying what he thinks, is to make two thoughts grow where only one grew before." This anthology shows that attitude at work, as Barzun gently debunks the claims of the "Age of Reason" and asks for fairness for the Romantics; explains why baseball is fundamentally Greek in spirit; and recounts such delightful anecdotes as the following:

> After the poet [Heine] came to Paris as a political refugee in the 1830s, he was sought out by German friends (and spies) who traced him to his successive lodgings. But he was never caught up with, says Heine, because they went about asking the concierges and shopkeepers for one HEINrich HEINe, whereas all these good people knew only of their neighbor *Enryenn*.

This anthology is an entertaining—and deeply wise—work.

■ Finally, this month's Book to Avoid is Thomas Cahill's truly awful Penguin Lives biography, *Pope John XXIII* (Viking, 241 pp., $19.95). The author begins his first chapter as follows: "Vatican propaganda notwithstanding, Peter was never 'bishop of Rome.'" Cahill then spends 72 pages—almost one-third of the book!—detailing the crimes, real and imagined, of the Catholic Church over 2,000 years. When, on page 73, the author finally allows his ostensible protagonist to be born, we are only temporarily spared the galloping of his antipapal hobbyhorses. On just one page, for example, we are told that Pope Pius X "snapped," "sneered," "seems never to have read the Sermon on the Mount," and used language reminiscent of "the aggressive nastiness of the Nixon White House."

Buried in Cahill's piles of rhetoric is a kernel of truth: Though the papacy fiercely resisted its loss of secular authority in the 19th and 20th centuries, this development was in reality an unparalleled blessing for the Church's religious mission. But Cahill stifles this important story with his venomous, overwritten caricatures; his screed is so intemperate that even the most sympathetic intelligent reader will lose patience. His discussion of John Paul II is typical of the book as a whole: "John Paul's forceful and sometimes eloquent teaching—in favor of the redistribution of wealth [and other liberal causes]—has been overshadowed, at least in the world media, by his championing of the rights of human zygotes, embryos, and fetuses."

This remark is part of Cahill's effort to portray John XXIII as the One Good Pope, the Gorbachev in a 2,000-year-old Politburo of Stalins and Brezhnevs. It's somewhat inconvenient, of course, that John XXIII's views on "zygotes, embryos, and fetuses" were substantially the same as those of John Paul II; but it should be clear enough by now that Cahill's book isn't really about John XXIII at all. Readers curious about that holy man—a very traditional Catholic who nonetheless introduced momentous changes into the Church—would do well to seek out instead Peter Hebblethwaite's excellent *Pope John XXIII: Shepherd of the Modern World*. This out-of-print masterpiece is a model of religious biography, by a liberal who didn't let his opinions get in the way of his compelling story. **NR**

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Osama the Invincible

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11

We do well to remind ourselves of the potential leverage Osama bin Laden has on the public imagination. You begin with what we simply know to be true and can only grit our teeth over: Osama is a hero in great parts of the world. If a popularity contest were held today in the Philippines, Osama would come in somewhere between George Harrison and John Lennon. That is the straight *fico* vote: Up yours, America.

Comes then the class of people who are not Muslim jihadists, but feel a sense of detachment about September 11, perhaps a touch of: Maybe America had it coming. They watch the days go by with a trace of exhilaration over what's going on. I mean, here is one bearded fanatic—you can talk yourself into thinking of him as a John the Baptist—who is being pounded day after day by the greatest air force of the greatest power in the world. He has tucked himself into a little cavity in a mountain and the 15,000-pound Daisy Cutters drop here, and there, and on top and on the bottom and he remains inside there somewhere, reciting the Koran, drinking tea, and consoling his intimate guard with the rightness of their cause and the certainty of their deliverance, if not in this world, then in the next.

And then, the American dragon, Wolfowitz, says to the press that the American people have to be prepared for the fact that we may be hunting this man and his followers "in Afghanistan months from now." *Months from now?* You would think that in less time than that, the Department of Defense of the greatest-ever superpower could transform Afghanistan from mountainous to tropical. If Osama is alive months from now, he will have gone a long way toward claiming eternal life for himself.

Add to the mythogenic scene—one Arab prophet surviving against the military-industrial complex—the exploitation of the skeptics in the matter of direct responsibility for September 11. We are not talking about Alan Dershowitz, who having established that O. J. Simpson is not a killer can, with hands tied behind his back, prove that Osama is innocent. No, there are the others. Around my shop, we call them Grassy Knollers—they are certain that one or more men were there helping out Lee Harvey Oswald that day in Dallas, hiding behind the grassy knoll. Such as these are not fanatics, but they are easily aroused by any little conjectural foreplay. And we had that abundantly early in the week, with the administration's mishandling of the Osama tape.

The authorities released the word: We have on tape Osama discussing the events of September 11. Discussing them with such specificity as to link him directly to the deed.

—How, directly?

Well, he said that it was terrific news that the WTC towers collapsed all the way.

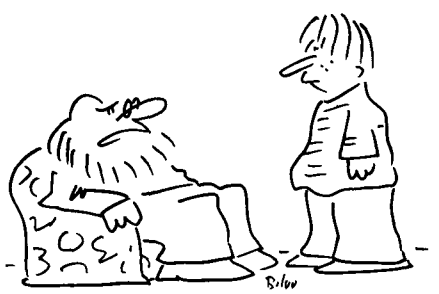
—But he didn't say that he organized the strike, did he? He just described his pleasure that it had gone so well.

What we got from the Defense Department was that the tape would be released sometime during the week. The delay was grist for the doubters. *Why didn't DOD release the tape right away? What are they hiding? Who is doing the translating? Is anything being edited in? Edited out?*

It is difficult to understand why the administration didn't just hang on to the tape and release it after it was dubbed, or translated. The excuse that premature release would permit Osama to transmit subversive commands to his legions is implausible. What commands is he in a position to issue? Word to bomb Detroit? Anthrax the Super Bowl? The notion that Osama would use a film to send out recondite commands is cryptographic fantasy. All that we succeeded in doing, by delaying the issuance of the tape, is to fortify those who are nurturing doubts about Osama's direct responsibility for September 11.

And now the British defense secretary announces that if Osama ends up in their hands, they will not turn him over to the United States unless we promise not to impose the death sentence, which is politically incorrect. So we have to worry about the danger of Osama falling into British hands.

But the legend grows that he won't fall into *anybody's* hands, save Allah's.



"You kids today have no gumption! Why, when I was your age I could smoke pot all day and party all night."

Ultimatum Time

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2

We speak, with some justification, of yesterday's war with Afghanistan. There are disruptive days ahead, without question, but the military enterprise is over. And the whole of the sentient world hangs on, asking: What next?

Why anything next? Because, of course, when Mr. Bush formulated the national purpose in response to the New York/Pentagon attacks, he said it whole: We will chase down the aggressors *and* their network, and those governments that give shelter to them are governments with which we will contend. Later, the president focused direct attention on the government of Iraq. He said that the attempted development in Iraq of ultimate weaponry (atomic, bacteriological, chemical) was not something we could safely assume had been arrested by the United Nations commission that was permitted intermittent searches after the Gulf War. What he did not go on to say is what now keenly needs to be said, namely, *Here is what the United States is going to do about it.*

It's worth reflecting on very recent history, featuring the same country and the same leader. When Iraq invaded Kuwait in 1990, President Bush maneuvered to get the United Nations Security Council to vote on a resolution to the effect that Iraq should retreat from its aggression. In November of 1990, President Bush did two things. He urged that the U.N. set a deadline (January 15, 1991) for Iraq's removing its army; and, at home, he ordered the Defense Department to double, from the initial 200,000, the number of U.S. troops mobilized to enforce the U.N. resolution. At the time, George Ball, who had served as undersecretary of state for Kennedy and Johnson, declared that the president had gone from a resolution to an ultimatum,

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and that ultimatums historically served as preludes to war. Moreover, he said (Mr. Ball was very assertive in manner), "ultimatums are a decidedly 'non-Arab' procedure. The Arab peoples do not like irrevocable decisions that may lead to violence. There is an old Middle Eastern saying that if an Arab should ever cross the Rubicon, he would pick up the Rubicon and take it so that he could cross and recross it, as events evolved."

Well, as events evolved, we did go to war, we won it with minimum casualties, and now, eleven years later, we need a new ultimatum.

The formulation of it requires that we demand what the morally intelligent public worldwide would understand—complete, unfettered access to Iraqi laboratories. But also, the ultimatum must specify that Saddam Hussein be removed from any cockpit from which he could give military or political directions that would obstruct our purpose. In short, the ultimatum should require Saddam Hussein to remove himself from office.

To where?

That is a matter of detail. In this space a few weeks ago, St. Helena loomed as an appropriate cloister. And arrangements could reasonably provide for a corps of aides of whatever reasonable number he wished, excluding only access by them to electronic communications.

Now, ultimatums should be believable. The ultimatum to Hitler in 1939 that he leave Poland alone or face war from Great Britain and France did not protect Poland, but the threat was carried out; war was declared. If it is (roughly) correct that our bombing resources have increased by a thousand to one since using them against Hitler, they have, incredibly, increased by a factor of ten to one since first using them against Saddam Hussein. What this means is that whatever Hussein's distribution within Iraq of his inventory of weapons, we can in quick time immobilize Baghdad, and the work of an invading army would be quick and decisive. Two days after we began to act on our ultimatum, Saddam Hussein would be dreaming of the pastoral delights of St. Helena.

The ultimatum is the honorable means to proceed on our agenda. Few Americans question the historic mandate of our country at this critical point in the evolution of organized violence. This is this generation's Manhattan Project. Al-Qaeda has got to be demolished, and the civilized way to go about it is to give the enemy a reasonable alternative. Via ultimatum.

OPEC-wise, Are We Helpless?

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4

It isn't documented that American intelligence was guilty of failing to predict, and therefore to abort, the attacks of September 11. It was never a case of the night watchman being asleep when the thief walked in. Intelligence is an inchoate resource and sometimes it just misses out, as the Secret Service missed out in Dallas on November 22, 1963. But when a potential crisis materializes before history's very eyes, to have no policy is on the order of national delinquency. The only step we have taken to guard against the interruption of foreign oil imports is a national reserve—which would look after our needs, in normal consumption, for approximately 53 days.

That isn't good enough. On top of the high cost we are paying, we have the political question. It is humiliating to do nothing when, for instance, the Peacock Throne of the Ayatollah calmly advises that it proposes to reduce oil production by 220,000 barrels per day. That means, after the decree is implemented, that the price of oil would rise about 10 percent.

What we do hear every now and again are proposals for reducing our consumption of oil. Most recently, the formidable Martin Feldstein, the Harvard economist who writes for the *Wall Street Journal*, proposed a voucher system of considerable ingenuity. Feldstein, remember, is a free-marketeer, and is alert to keeping the covetous hands of government, to the extent practical, out of the way. What he proposes is that everyone be given, at the start of every year, vouchers for X amount of gasoline (with allowances for geographical location and profession), the design being to cut down gasoline consumption by increasing the cost of the incremental post-voucher gallon. But do not confuse this with wage and price controls, because if you ran out of your vouchers, you could buy somebody else's, buy from the guy or gal who drives less and looks forward to selling unused vouchers. All of the above, by the way, would be automatic at the gas pump, which would sell you the gas and buy and sell vouchers in a simultaneous transaction.

Then of course there are the supply-siders, who reasonably urge that obstacles to the development of oil and gas reserves be reduced. It is good rainy-day stuff to dream about the day Bill Gates III discovers how to decoct energy from the sun's rays. But meanwhile we have to live with the consequences of our huge appetite for energy and the caprice of OPEC, an oligopoly we have never seriously figured out how to deal with.

Consider, to name only one OPEC power, Saudi Arabia and its 7 million barrels per day. How might we protect ourselves against Saudi hostility/petulance/greed? It is satisfying to keep repeating to ourselves that Saudi oil is of no use to the Saudis unless they actually sell the oil. That is reassuring, but doesn't deprive the Saudis, as OPEC operatives, of the right to tease/irritate/threaten/plunder their clients without regard for market adjudications of supply and demand. We know what it is to have to stand in line for gasoline. Sixty years ago the Japanese knew what were the implications of an oil embargo, one of them being Pearl Harbor.

The policy question today is: What *is* our policy? We need to try to tame demand by such proposals as Prof. Feldstein's, but we need also deterrent stratagems, which are political. How to align our forces with fellow states in the industrial world in such a way as to protect ourselves? Oil is a vital interest. We need to develop non-military means of affecting OPEC.

How?

Well (to stay with Saudi Arabia), the purpose of selling oil is to generate income. What does one do with income, other than buy jewels and yachts and private jets? The OPEC powers buy industrial goods. We need to devise economic countermeasures aimed at aggressors, here defined as those who collaborate to fix prices. Our policymakers should be resourceful enough to devise measures of economic retaliation, custom-designed for Venezuela, or Nigeria, or Iran, or Saudi Arabia.

Reasonable and justifiable criteria for the fair price of oil are not easy to come up with (the production of a gallon of oil in different oil fields can vary by a factor of 500 percent), but there is no reason to ignore the challenge. President Bush is understandably preoccupied. But it would be reassuring to know that something is afoot other than abject compliance every time OPEC decides to extort from industrial oil consumers.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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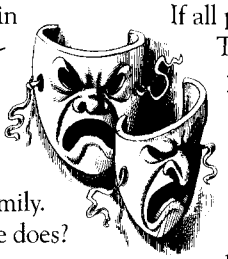
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

YOU know what I like about this magazine? I never hear a word about "the NATIONAL REVIEW family." We must be the only outfit left that doesn't push the huddle-and-cuddle organizing principle now rampant in American business, political, and cultural life.

The word "family" has become ubiquitous, right up there with those automatic ejaculations of "Absolutely!" that have replaced the simple "yes." At the rate we're going, it threatens to join "aloha" and "ciao" as an everything word that means whatever we need it to mean. Is the phone ringing? Pick it up and say "Family." Spot an acquaintance on the bus? "Family. How's things?" Get off before he does? "See you around. Family."



The possibilities are endless. It could become our all-purpose Big Ten cheer—"Family! Family! Sis boom bah!"—replace "roger" and "ten-four" in two-way radiospeak, and give Sen. Robert Byrd a golden opportunity to repeat the ancient history he loves so much. Cato the Elder had such a wild hair on about Hannibal that he ended every speech, regardless of subject matter, with the words, "Carthage must be destroyed." Byrd, who has never minded non sequiturs, could wind up his orotund disquisitions on West Virginia cement with "The family must be preserved."

References to family are getting more and more compulsive, lacking any direct connection to the subject at hand and frequently clashing with it. On my last trip to the supermarket, I noticed at the very top of my cash-register receipt the words: "Spend More Time With Your Family! Hot Rotisserie Chicken!" That sounds forced, until we realize that the store must have been subconsciously inspired by the excuse that philandering politicians have cooked up to explain sudden early retirements necessitated by their taste for spring chicken.

Even more far-out is the boat-on-a-rope commercial for Eukanuba Dog Food, which is said to contain a teeth strengthener. It tells the tale of a Labrador named Mas who saved "a family in trouble" by pulling a boat containing the whole lot of them to safety through a raging river with the mooring rope clenched in her iron teeth. My, how far we've progressed. Lassie played favorites, reserving her greatest devotion for young Joe; at the end of her trek she dragged herself to his school, not to the family's cottage, but then Lassie was not an American dog.

If all politics is local, all news is family. This is achieved by the widespread practice of tossing in the phrase "and their families," which, as Michael Kinsley has noted, has an immediate cheapening effect.

Read any story about any workplace shooting spree and you will be deep in huddle-and-cuddle by the third paragraph. A recent affray took place at an Indiana factory that makes Nu-Wood, a synthetic used for decorative trimming—i.e., by charming coincidence, a fake substance. One company rep was quoted as saying, "I'm concerned for the people, because they treat me like family." Said another, "It's not like an assembly-line situation. Everyone knows each other, and everyone intermixes with each other." (Is it possible, can it be, that this is why matters erupted into gunfire? Don't ask.)

Even the Health Section—or rather, especially the Health Section—is a clearing house for huddle-and-cuddle, often expressing more concern for "cancer families" than for the cancer patients themselves: How to Tell Your Family you've got whatever it is you've got; How Families Cope with the news; and What If Your Family Is in Denial? A typical recent article told of a man who had a stroke that left him paralyzed and afflicted with double vision and slurred speech for almost a year. "And the worst part, he said, was that he could not interact as he used to with his children and his wife." He couldn't walk, couldn't talk, couldn't see, but the *worst* part was inability to "interact"? Give me a break. (Help Your Family Cope with Your Osteoporosis.)

The most deadly aspect of huddle-and-cuddle is now staring us in the face. Our immigration policy favors family reunification over all other considerations, including national security. Once an immigrant gets in, we let him send for his family members, a policy that favors the very ethnic groups we should be leery of, but neurotic sentiment mitigates against leeriness. Show us a slew of Third World relatives—Eldest Brother, Venerable Aunt, Honorable Uncle, and two dozen fifth cousins all named Mohammed—and we will show you a visa, because an "extended family" is even more sacrosanct than the immediate kind.

Does it come as any surprise that gays want to marry and adopt? For centuries they celebrated their freedom from the spills and bills of domesticity, but in our relentless obsession with family we have inadvertently activated what was once assumed not to exist: a gay gene for respectability.

Huddle-and-cuddle is an inevitable response to force-fed diversity and political correctness. The instinct to seek out one's own kind is hard-wired into human nature, but we don't dare acknowledge it, so we manufacture artificial ties that bind as we go along. Referring to groups of coworkers, customers, subscribers, and people with the same hobby as the something-or-other "family" imparts a vague sameness in which noble-sounding metaphors such as "the Family of Man" can be personalized and reduced to a manageable size.

I don't usually find a light at the end of the tunnel, but this time I've found two. First, the return of liquor ads to TV means that the word "family" will be verboten for all of 30 seconds.

The other light was shed (no pun intended) by Garfield the Cat. Two Sundays before Christmas, Jon was on the phone with his dreary relatives down on the farm. One by one they came on the line, spouting hearty clichés, exchanging trite sentiments, until we got to his brother, Doc Boy, he of the room-temperature IQ, who was inaudible because he was talking into the wrong end of the phone.

At this, Garfield looked up with his fiendish grin and said: "Happy holidays, all you family members out there." **NR**

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For Brennan's, Signature was the Big Easy lint solution.

Blake Brennan
Co-General Manager

Michael Roussel
Executive Chef
Brennan's Restaurant
Food and Wine's Best Restaurant &
Best Wine List in New Orleans, 2000
Wine Spectator's Grand Award since 1983

Located in New Orleans' legendary French Quarter since 1946, Brennan's Restaurant is a culinary landmark. Up to 550 people can dine in twelve elegantly decorated rooms, topped off by a romantic patio dappled with lush magnolias and an award-winning wine cellar. "*Breakfast at Brennan's*"—highlighted by the original Bananas Foster—has become a world-famous tradition.

Brennan's, however, did have one little annoyance: linting from the cotton napkins. "Like most fine dining restaurants in New Orleans, we had always used cotton," says Chef Michael Roussel. "But our guests were starting to complain about the linting." Co-General Manager Blake Brennan explains: "With our rich history of fine dining, it was embarrassing to have to provide guests with lint rollers to brush away the white specks."

As a solution, Brennan's laundry suggested switching to Signature. "We were the first restaurant in New Orleans to use Signature and I'm sure glad we did. Not only did Signature solve our linting problems, but it feels great, starches well, and doesn't shrink like cotton."

Signature was, indeed, "the big easy" lint solution for Brennan's. As Chef Mike quips, "I no longer have to worry about seeing white fuzz balls on our guests."

For more information on Signature, call your table linen supplier; or call us at 1-800-255-8472. International inquiries, call 1-864-503-2897.

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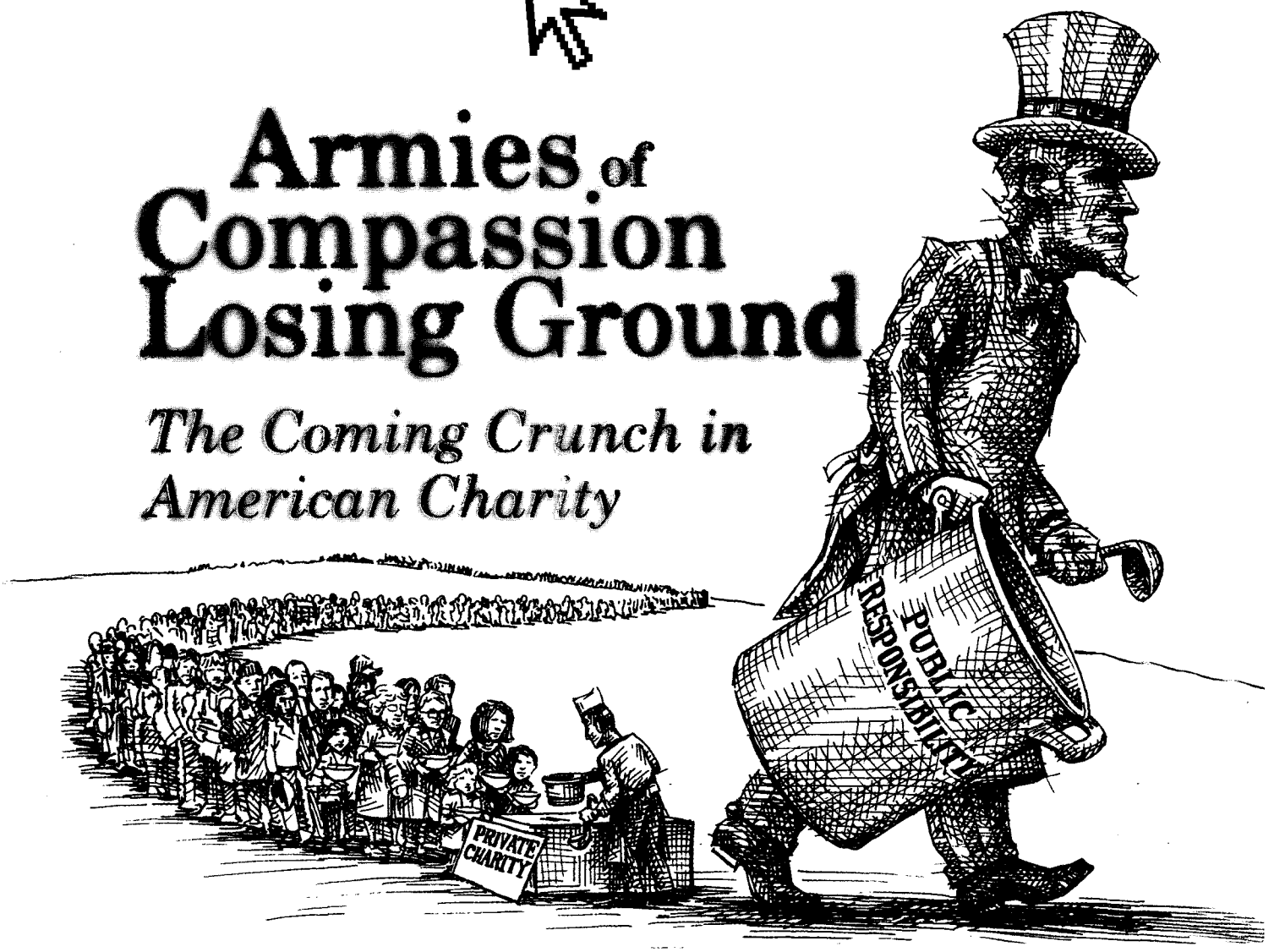
A Public Interest Journal

Armies of Compassion Losing Ground

The Coming Crunch in American Charity



"I truly believe that's one of the wonderful strengths of America, that we've got armies of compassion across our country."
– George W. Bush, *November 20, 2001*

The "armies of compassion" who run soup kitchens, food pantries and homeless shelters are losing ground, but few of our leaders in Washington will talk about it.

Hunger and homelessness, already on the rise since 1997, increased sharply in the last year, the U.S. Conference of Mayors just reported (**www.USMayors.org**).

It's going to get worse.

Many people are hitting the five-year lifetime limit on public assistance established by welfare "reform" in 1996. And over three million people have been dropped from the food stamp program since then.

"A lot of people who've moved from welfare to work are still so poor that they have to choose between buying food and paying for their rent and electricity," says Rev. David Beckmann, president of Bread for the World (**www.Bread.org**).

Despite Americans' famous generosity – and an increase in charitable giving in the '90s – relief agencies can't keep up. And now the outpouring of billions for the victims of 9/11 has diverted money from other needs. Donations to the National Coalition for the Homeless are down 70 percent this fall.

It was a boom time in 1996 when downsizing the safety net became a bipartisan fad. Now it's crunch time.

This crisis reveals the fallacy of the welfare "reform" movement's fundamental tenet – that private charity can step in when government cuts social spending.

"The question for our society is whether we view private charity as a supplement to or as a substitute for a public safety net and public responsibility," Rev. Beckmann says.

That's not a question the Washington pols want to tackle. Tax breaks for the wealthy and subsidies for corporations top their agenda. No wonder: the poor don't employ many lobbyists.

TomPaine.com – The Coming Crunch in American Charity
*Featuring "Let Them Eat Cake," an exclusive report by Susan Jacoby... and "Hunger Basics" from Bread for the World (**www.Bread.org**).*

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